

SHIP BLOWN UP

Cruiser Maine Destroyed in Havana Harbor.

GREAT LOSS OF LIFE

Two Hundred and Fifty-eight American Sailors Dead.

SUSPECT THE SPANIARDS

Belief That the Terrible Affair Was Not Accidental.

WILD TALK OF WAR.

Many Americans Would Wipe Spaniards Off the Earth.

Powerful United States Naval Vessel Sent by This Government to Cuban Waters Lies at the Bottom of the Bay a Charred and Torn Hulk—Catastrophe Took Place at 10 O'clock at Night, When All the Sailors Except Those Detailed for Duty Were Sleeping—Explanation Which Seems to Best Fit Circumstances Is That a Torpedo Was Exploded Under the Ship.

THE United States battleship Maine lies at the bottom of Havana harbor, a charred and torn hulk, and a tomb for over 250 of her crew. She was blown up about 10 o'clock Tuesday night by a terrific explosion said to have been an accident. The explosion occurred in the bow of the vessel and at an hour when the honest sailors had retired, while most of the officers had returned from the gayeties of the city. Whether the magazine of the ship was fired by accident or treachery, whether bomb or torpedo placed beneath the bow sent the Maine to the bottom of Havana bay and its blue-jackets to their long home perhaps no man shall ever know. All that sailors and officers of the frated craft could say was that there was a crash and a roar—that men were hurled headlong from their bunks upon the cabin floors, and that out of the darkness, the grinding of bursting timbers, the surging of the water rush-



COMMANDER SIGBEE.

ing back to fill the great chasm torn by the explosion, came the screams of wounded men and long red jets of flame.

Ten minutes later the Maine, all afloat from stem to stern, began to settle in the water. Over the side went the sails, masts and rigging, and all, flinging themselves into the bay, still dazed, blinded and bleeding. Out of the red mark and the horrible uproar could be heard the loud voices of officers, ordering and directing, cool and plucky in the face of death, showing even in that hour of horror the grand courage and the steady discipline that won at New Orleans and Mobile—the grandeur of Farragut, the iron nerve of the Kearsarge's crew upon the rock of Roncador. There were no weak souls nor cowards there; the officers held place and power even as at a dress review, and to their coolness and their courage is due the fact that the panic did not result in even heavier loss of life than the explosion and the water caused combined.

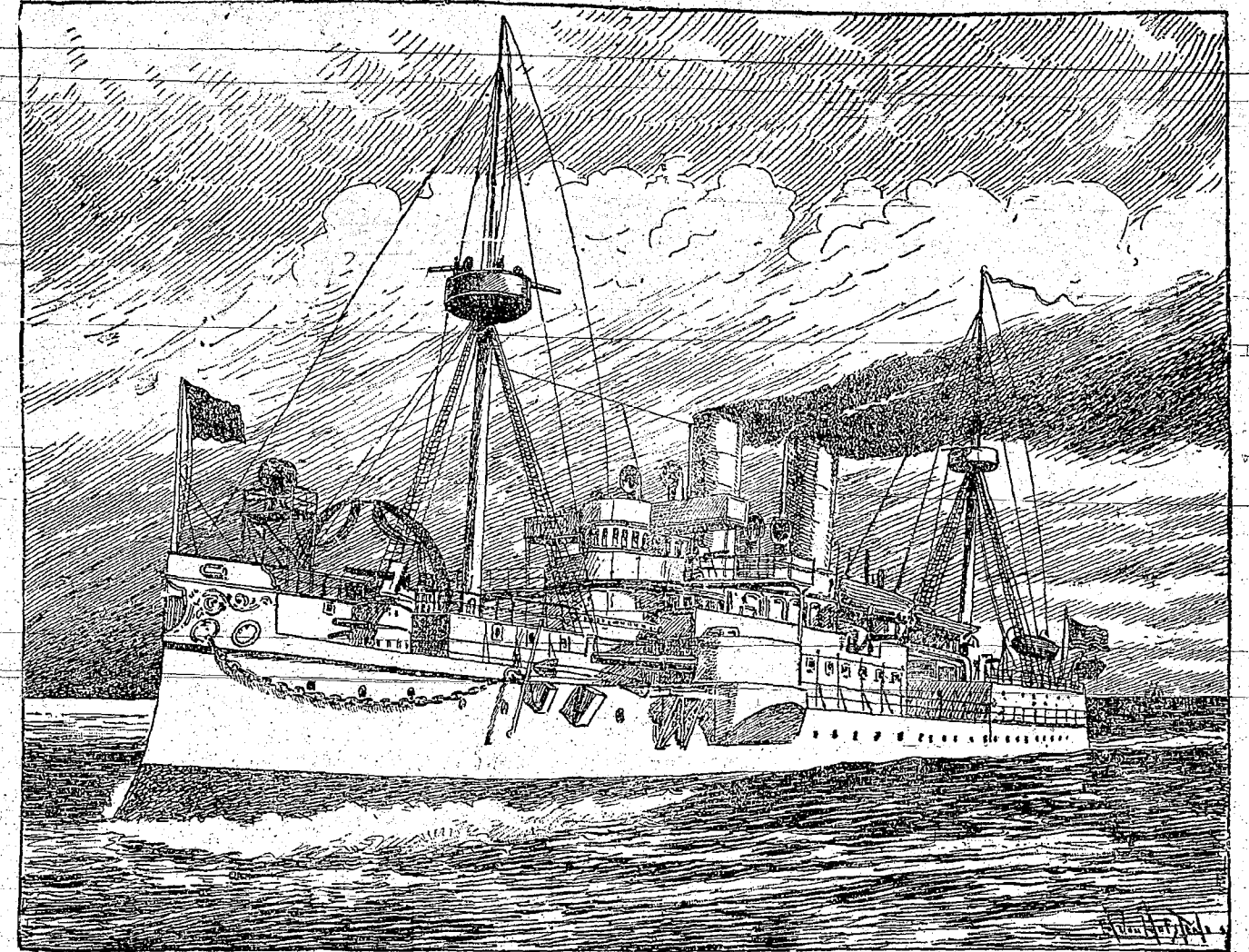
The nation mourns for those who perished with the Maine. Such a startling vision of sudden death has not for years been presented to the public mind. The tragedy appeals to all American hearts. For all must feel that the best sword ready at an instant call to make of their bodies a rampart between their country and their country's foes. There have been few such disasters in modern times. The catastrophe to the Royal George, to the Victoria, and, in Apia harbor, to the Nipisic, the Vandalia and the Trenton are among the few comparable to it.

A dispatch from Havana said that the wildest excitement prevailed in the city. The wharves were crowded with thousands of people. There was a rush and hurry and it is claimed that the Spaniards bent every energy to the saving of the doomed Americans. Out from the great black sides of the Spanish warships, says the dispatch, few boats after boat and the Spanish sailors were pulled faster oars. Over the bay they skimmed, seizing here an arm extended from the water in the last struggle of the drowning man, grasping there a drenched blue-jacket, until the boats were full of rescued men and no more living bodies could be found upon the surface of the water.

The shock of the explosion wrecked every window in Havana. Capt. Gen. Blan-

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY-EIGHT AMERICAN SAILORS DEAD.

Terrible Destruction of the Magnificent Battleship Maine Was the Greatest Calamity That Has Ever Befallen the Navy of the United States.



co was among the first to realize what had happened and he sprang to the rescue to aid Capt. Sigbee's men. Admiral Manterola and Gen. Solano proved worthy conductors, and the Spanish sailors and soldiers alike did all that was in their power. Capt. Sigbee was not hurt, although the earlier dispatches represented him as severely wounded. The explosion took place directly under the quarters of the common sailors, missing the officers' cabin by many yards.

The wounded sailors in hospital declared that they were utterly at a loss as to the cause of the explosion—that they were all asleep when the crash came, and that all they could do was to pick themselves up from the floor, grope their way, and falling timbers, smoke and flame and take to the water and the Spanish boats.

Capt. Sigbee says the explosion occurred in the bow of the vessel. He received a wound in the head. Orders were given to the other officers to save themselves as best they could. The latter, who were literally thrown from their bunks in their night clothing, gave the necessary orders with great self-possession and bravery. The first theory was that there had been a preliminary explosion in the Santa Barbara magazine, with powder or dynamite, below the water. Admiral Manterola believes that the first explosion was of a grenade shell that was hurled into the main yard. When the explosion occurred Captain Sigbee was below, but he rushed up on deck in his shirt sleeves and gave orders. Efforts were at first made to save the vessel, but when Captain Sigbee realized the extent of the damage done and that many casualties had occurred he bent all his energies to assuring the safety of his men.

Report of Captain Sigbee.

The Secretary of the Navy at Washington received the following telegram from Capt. Sigbee: "Maine blown up in Havana harbor 9:40 and destroyed. Many wounded and doubtless more killed and drowned. Wounded and others on board Spanish man-of-war and Ward line steamer. Send lighthouse tenders from Key West for crew and few pieces of equipment still above water. No one had other clothes than those upon him. "Public opinion should be suspended until further report. All officers believed to be saved. Jenkins and Merrill not yet accounted for. Many Spanish officers, including representatives of Gen. Blanco, bow with me and express sympathy."

WE ARE READY TO STRIKE.

Within 24 Hours Our Ships Could Blockade Every Cuban Port.

A New York dispatch says: Three flag officers of the United States navy are watching events at Washington, Madrid and Havana with great interest. They are Rear Admiral Montgomery Sicard, commanding the North Atlantic squadron; Rear Admiral John A. Howell, commanding the European squadron, and Capt. Colby M. Chester, senior officer in command of the South Atlantic squadron. Each of these three commanders received telegraphic orders to hold his ship in readiness for active service and to keep it fully loaded and ready at all times. There is an American flag floating over every broadside of guns within easy striking distance of every port on the northern and southern coasts of Cuba.

HOUSE PASSES RESOLUTIONS.

Sympathy Expressed for the Families of the Dead.

In the National House of Representatives Wednesday Mr. Houston, chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs, offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted: "Resolved, That the House of Representatives has learned with great sorrow of the calamity which has caused the destruction of the United States battleship Maine and the appalling loss of more than 250 lives and the wounding of many others of the gallant defenders of our flag, and that the House expresses its sympathy for the injured and its sincere condolences with the families of those who have lost their lives in the service of the nation."

WAR SPIRIT AT WASHINGTON.

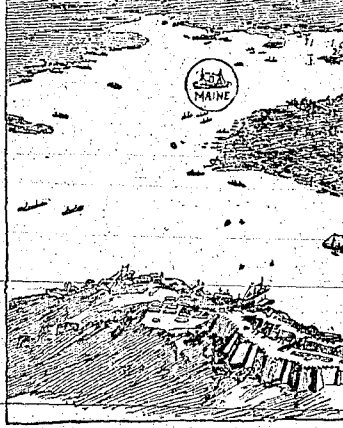
Feeling That the Maine Disaster Resulted from Spanish Treachery.

Washington was aflame Wednesday with the war spirit. Everybody eagerly read the extra newspapers carrying latest dispatches from Havana and the strained efforts of those high in official life to show the blowing up of the Maine to have been an accident only added to the impatience of the general public. Both houses of Congress assembled at noon under the most exciting conditions since war times.

"From the advice received from Lee and from other sources in Havana," said Secretary Long, "I am not inclined to believe that the Maine was destroyed by an act of Spanish treachery, and we will proceed with care until we have further particulars."

Public opinion, however, refused to be suspended, and to say that the capital was excited over the report of the destruction of the Maine is but to give but a faint idea of the excitement. There were extra papers on the streets every fifteen minutes, people wildly shouted their opinions of the catastrophe, and on all hands were talk of war and demands for more information. Treachery was the word on all lips. No one could be persuaded that the affair was not of Spanish origin. It was thought that some Spanish agent secured access to the vessel and exploded a grenade near the ammunition magazine.

If Spanish treachery did not destroy the magnificent battle-ship Maine and mun-



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE HARBOR OF HAVANA.

der more than 250 American seamen, Spain must produce the proofs that the Maine was blown up by some other power than that of a Spanish torpedo. Washington advices on Thursday stated that officers of the navy did not believe that there could have been an accidental explosion on the Maine from spontaneous combustion or any other cause, when the battle-ship was lying at anchor without steam in her boilers, or coal in her forward bunkers, and with only projectiles and such ammunition as might be expended by commission in her forward magazine. While some officials at the Navy Department insisted that the explosive power must have come from the outside of the vessel, because it is their business to prevent accidents of this kind occurring within the hull, and they claimed that it is impossible for the vessel to have been destroyed by an explosion in one of the magazines. Chief Naval Constructor

Hiebhorn said that an accidental explosion was impossible, for the information that he believed the explosion to have been due to treacherous hands.

The President and his cabinet tried to keep down the excitement until full reports could be received from Captain Sigbee. They did not care to base their judgment on dispatches that must be passed upon by the Spanish censors in charge of the telegraph wires at Havana. They therefore followed the theory of an accidental explosion because it would be very serious for the administration publicly to assume that the Maine could have been destroyed in any other way, until they had the full details of this affair from the commander of the ship.

It is asserted by naval officers that the harbor of Havana is full of submarine torpedoes, which need only an electrical connection to make an explosion possible. The theory that the Maine was destroyed by a torpedo found ready believers. Nobody was willing to assert that the Spanish Government was primarily responsible for torching off a torpedo, but among the hotheads roaming the streets of Havana in the state of excited feeling now existing there are many, it is believed, who would not hesitate to commit such an outrage.

COUNTRY GREATLY EXCITED.

Seems as Though Providence Were Leading Two Countries to War.

The agitation and suppressed excitement that prevail throughout the country are shown by the telegrams of inquiry that have been received at the various departments and newspaper offices and by members of Congress as to the probable cause of the explosion. And it is clear that, however it may be explained, this awful calamity must seriously increase the tension between the United States and Spain by provoking excitement, suspicion and irritation. The comments of many public men as furnished in the press dispatches cannot be overlooked by



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE HARBOR OF HAVANA.

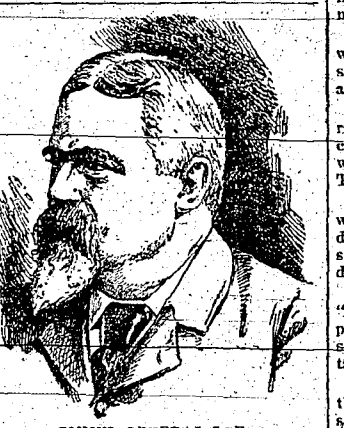
the Spanish. And if the explosion is not satisfactorily explained it may be expected that similar opinions will be offered in Congress and elsewhere in such form as to give great provocation. The feeling in Congress has reached a more acute stage than ever before. The Dupuy de Lome incident intensified the prejudice against Spain and developed a hostility that was never so bitter as to-day in any quarter and is particularly pronounced among those who have been preserving an impartial judgment and a conservative attitude. The excitement from one incident does not subside before another even more aggravating occurs. And it seems as if Providence were leading both countries into war.

WAS A FLOATING FORT.

Maine One of the Best War Ships in the American Navy.

less the great mass of steel that had been called the battle-ship Maine. She was a proud, strong ship, and she will go down into history alongside the Royal George, the Victoria and other men-of-war which were wiped out of existence with their crews under appalling circumstances.

The Maine was one of the best ships in the American navy. In an up and up fight she would have stood her own against any boat of her class afloat. She was not a cruiser. She was built to fight, and she was a floating fort. All the ingenuity of modern naval architecture was brought to bear upon her construction.



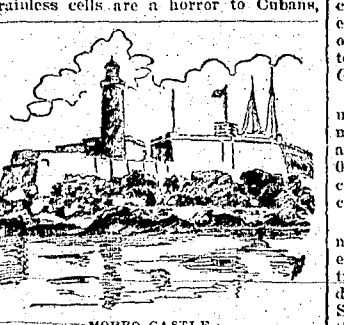
CONSUL-GENERAL LEE.

For six years the labor of men was put into her. Her keel was laid in the Brooklyn navy yard in October, 1888. She was launched on Nov. 10, 1890. The construction of the Maine was authorized by an act of Congress passed Aug. 3, 1880. The act provided that the new ship should cost \$2,500,000, and over that sum was expended upon her. In size the Maine was a goodly ship. Her length over all was 324 feet; at load water line, 318 feet; her beam, 57 feet; her draught, 21½ feet; her displacement, 6,548 tons. She was designed for a flag ship, but the great changes in modern methods of naval construction were the cause of her being finished up as a fighter.

MORRO CASTLE.

Frowning Guardian of Havana's Gateway and Home of Its Uses.

Morro Castle, the guardian of Havana's gateway, stands upon an imposing height at the east entrance of the harbor. Havana was founded eighteen years after Columbus visited the island, and the site of El Morro was the earliest location among fortifications. The castle, of solid masonry and stone parapets, looks secure against all oncomers. Less a fortress than a prison, however, is the Morro Castle of to-day. It has ramifications under the sea and chambers that have not been explored for a hundred years—at least by others than Spaniards. The castle has come to be used principally as a prison for political offenders, and its moldy, draughtless cells are a horror to Cubans,



MORRO CASTLE.

who, of course, are the political offenders. It is the place of execution when political prisoners are not to be shot publicly.

Flags Half-Masted.

President McKinley Has Ordered the Flags at all Navy Yards and on Naval Vessels, at Posts, Army Headquarters, and on all Public Buildings, at Half-Mast.

COURT OF INQUIRY.

NAVAL BOARD TO SEARCH OUT THE FACTS.

Several Days May Elapse Before a Verdict Is Reached, but There Will Be No Unnecessary Delay—Investigation to Be Rigid.

Four Men to Decide.

On Thursday the court of inquiry to investigate the cause of the Maine disaster was called to meet in Havana by Admiral Sicard. It is composed of the following officers: Capt. William T. Shippson, Capt. French E. Chadwick, Lieutenant Commander William P. Potter and Lieutenant Commander Adolph Marx, judge advocate. The verdict of these four naval experts, writes a Washington correspondent, may mean war with Spain.

Under the direction of Admiral Sicard, says the correspondent, writing immediately after the calling of the court, the members will hear evidence and examine the debris. The splintered and twisted hull is expected to tell its own story. The plates will be bent in or out. If all point outward, the disaster was caused from carelessness or possibly treachery on board the ship; if they point inward, then to Spanish treachery from without. Beneath the waters of the harbor the divers will turn their electric searchlights as they search the deep for the submerged debris of the once mighty battle ship. They will report speedily to their superiors. There will be no unnecessary delay. Public opinion will not stand indefinite suspense. The verdict of the court of inquiry will go to the Secretary of the Navy and to the President. There will be a cabinet meeting. There will be no splitting of hairs—no quibbling over official etiquette. This matter is executive; it will not follow precedents; there are none to follow.

AS VIEWED BY EDITORS.

Opinion of Leading Metropolitan Papers Upon the Maine Disaster.

It seems sufficiently clear that our navy is lacking in discipline.—Cincinnati Volksblatt.

Either a great crime has been committed or there has been an amazing piece of blundering carelessness.—Chicago Record.

If the Maine and 250 of her men have been lost through Spanish treachery let Spain take the consequences.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

To attempt to pass judgment on the Maine disaster with the present information would be the height of folly.—Detroit News.

The first duty of the country with regard to the terrible tragedy is to keep cool, that we may learn the facts.—Boston Transcript.

There is nothing in the reports to offset the fearful suspicion that the Maine was deliberately destroyed by a Spanish torpedo.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

No possible explanation can stifle the voice of the people calling for intervention in the interest of Cuba by our Government.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The American people should decide whether playing at war is not too expensive an amusement when it entails such a terrible cost.—Chicago Chronicle.

The people believe the burden of proof rests upon Spain to demonstrate beyond cavil that the blowing up of the Maine was an accident.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Many modern battle ships have been wrecked in a similar way and just as suddenly without any reasonable ground for suspicion of an attempt at wholesale murder.—Chicago Staats Zeitung.

All this occurred in the harbor of a "friendly nation." Now let the Spaniards prove their friendship by absolving themselves from all responsibility for the catastrophe.—St. Louis Republic.

There are scores of possible explanations, each of which would seem more reasonable than the base insinuations against the nation whose hospitality our representatives were enjoying.—Philadelphia Record.

The disaster to one of the finest ships of our navy and the sacrifice of so many brave lives, not to the formal defense of the country, but to a strange and horrible fate, casts a gloom over the whole nation.—St. Paul Globe.

The American people are not so calloused by prejudice as to close their eyes and ears to the probability that the explosion was due to causes with which the Spanish Government could have no remote connection.—Detroit Journal.

Sober second thought will carry conviction to all fair and open minded men that it is better to await a post mortem examination before jumping to the conclusion that Spanish malice is at the bottom of it.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Was treachery been added to duplicity? It will be the almost universal inquiry, to which a reply will be awaited with the deepest interest throughout the nation. If such were the case it would rank as the crime of the century.—Chicago Tribune.

The suspicion of Spanish treachery exhibited by a section of American opinion looks ill beside the accounts of the splendid gallantry of the suspects in saving drowning Americans, and it indicates an ugly temper towards Spain.—London Daily Mail.

NEWS OF OUR STATE.

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO MICHIGANDERS.

Store and Hotel Burned at Thompsonville.—Murder of a Lansing Gambler.—Plan of a Kalamazoo Man to Go to Klondike—Convicts Paroled.

Fire at Thompsonville.—The Shawson store and the Willis hotel at Thompsonville were destroyed by fire. The hotel was occupied by Mrs. Diamond, and was valued at \$5,000; she had no insurance; her furniture was worth \$1,000, no insurance. The store was occupied by D. E. Shawson with a stock of general merchandise, worth about \$7,000, upon which he had a small insurance. Mrs. Diamond saved herself by jumping from a second-story window and received severe injuries. Several of the boarders of the hotel had narrow escapes, many jumping from the building and losing all their clothes.

Tenant Slain for His Money.—When John A. Clements, at Lansing, went to collect rent from a tenant, Lausen, who occupied rooms over his feed store, he found the body of Lausen on the floor covered with a blanket. The body was fully dressed and there was evidence of a struggle. The head was crushed evidently by the blunt end of a hatchet, and many blows had been dealt. Lausen followed the traces and conducted a poker game in the winter. He catered to young and broken-down sports and some of them are believed to have murdered him for his money. He was 22 years old.

Four Convicts Paroled.—Gov. Pingree has paroled the following prisoners: Robert E. Beatty, sent from Delta County, Jan. 1, 1896, to Marquette for three years for manslaughter; William Deering, sent from Jackson County, January, 1896, to Jackson for three years for assault with intent to kill; Edwin H. Cosier, sent from Branch County, December, 1895, to Jackson for four years for assault with intent to do great bodily harm; John P. Hoskins, sent from Kent County, June, 1895, to Marquette for four years for larceny.

State Oil Inspection.—State Oil Inspector, Smith, reports to Gov. Pingree that in 1897 there were 10,038,808 gallons of oil inspected in Michigan, the fees for which were \$38,037 and the net fees turned into the State treasury \$11,388.74. During the month of January, 1898, there were inspected 247,451 gallons more than in January, 1897, and the fees received were \$497 greater than the corresponding month last year.

To Klondike in a Bale of Hay.—The whereabouts of Charles Sleeman, a Kalamazoo railroad man who suddenly disappeared three weeks ago, has been discovered. He left with \$3 to seek a fortune in the Klondike gold fields. He rode in freight cars to Seattle and sailed from there on a barge for a nine days' voyage to Skagway, where he is in a bale of hay.

\$38 to the Ton.—A sample of ore and dirt from the Plant gold mine, located a couple of miles from Burr Oak, has been assayed, and Mr. Plant claims that it showed \$14 in gold and \$24 in silver to the ton. People are much excited over the report.

Pastor's Terrible Fate.—Rev. Mr. Bacon, formerly pastor of the Congregational Church at Linden, now living in South Dakota, was caught out in a blizzard and had both his legs and arms so badly frozen that they had to be amputated.

State News in Brief.—Ground has been broken for the new sugar beet factory at Essexville. Flint will ask for bids for the construction of a municipal lighting plant. Contracts for the building of the sugar beet factory at Bay City have been let. The Big Four Railroad will build a new round house and extend its yards at Benton Harbor.

Jacob Stutzman of South Ogden was kicked in the face by a vicious horse and may die of his injuries. Hamer Richmond of Leoniada was accidentally drowned while cutting ice on Mud Lake, at East Tawas.

Plans have been accepted by the Baptist Church Society of Mt. Morris for a church to cost not less than \$4,000. The company that is buying up the Kalamazoo river bottom lands is talking of putting up a cement factory.

The Ottawa County Forestry Association will memorialize the State Legislature in the interest of enacting forestry laws.

Mrs. Leola Sprague is suing Lansing for \$25,000 damages for injuries received by falling on an alleged defective sidewalk.

Roscoe Tabor of Benton Harbor will go to jail rather than pay a \$1,000 judgment secured by J. N. Chadcock, who was shot in the eye with a toy gun.

George Wier of Hadley was struck by a south-bound passenger train on the Michigan Central Railroad. He was badly cut about the head, but will recover.

At Muskegon, Judge Russell sentenced Fred Roush for four years and Al George for two years for burglary. The boys are only 18 years old. Both confessed.

The claim of Private Frank Kelly, who was injured during a State military encampment at Island Lake a few years ago, was paid by the State Board of Auditors. He got \$2,000.

Temple Emery of East Tawas says that in looking up the record of the well borers who sunk a number of wells west of East Tawas, he found reports of a foot of black shale at a depth of about 150 feet. This black shale is believed to be coal, as it has so turned out.

Peter Blaaza, Emanuel Naimo and Michael Sada were killed in the Newport mine at Ironwood by an explosion of giant powder.

The Monitor Coal Co. of Bay City has contracted to furnish the United Alkali Co. with 50,000 tons of coal in 1899 and 1900. The coal will be mined at one of the mine's capacity now is 350 tons per day.

The Lake Side Furniture Company has bought a large two-story brick building and basement formerly known as Bending works at Holland, for \$6,000. The Lake Side company will enlarge its facilities and employ many more hands.

Petitions are being circulated in Eaton County for the purpose of having the local option question again submitted to the people.

The Collapsible Crate and Box Company is the name of the new manufacturing institution just located at Lansing. It manufactures a patent shipping crate.

The city of Marshall has completed connections between the Detroit, Toledo and Milwaukee Railroad shops and the city electric light plant for the purpose of supplying the shops with light during night time, the company having found it necessary, by reason of the rush of business, to employ on duty a force of men to work nights.

ABUNDANT REVENUE.

THE DINGLEY TARIFF WORKING OUT GOOD RESULTS.

Government Receipts for January Nearly \$5,000,000 in Excess of the Amount Produced by the Wilson Law for Corresponding Month in 1897.

Predictions Verified.—Two predictions regarding the Dingley law revenues for the current month were made by the American Economist of Jan. 7, 1898, as follows:

"For the present month the Economist confidently expects that the Wilson law figures of January, 1897, will be exceeded by more than \$5,000,000 in customs receipts alone, while the excess from all sources will not fall below \$5,000,000 as excess of receipts last month. Owing to the heavy demands upon the treasury in the shape of interest payments a surplus for January is not anticipated, but it is safe to look for an actual surplus in February and March."

These estimates were based upon the reasonable expectation of increased customs revenues as the country approached more nearly to normal conditions as regards importations. How accurately the situation was fore-shadowed is shown by the returns at hand from official sources, which give a total revenue for January of \$29,000,000, against \$24,310,994 under the Wilson law in January, 1897, while the revenue from customs this month has been \$14,200,492, against \$11,270,877 under the Wilson law in January, 1897. The excess of receipts from all sources falls but little short of \$5,000,000, while the excess of customs receipts, as compared with customs receipts under the Wilson law for the same month a year ago, is \$2,092,618. The reckoning of the Economist at that time was very near the mark.

The returns for the first full six months of the Dingley law, ending with January, 1898, as compared with the receipts of the Wilson law for the corresponding months of the previous year, are as follows:

Wilson law, Dingley law.
1896. 1897.
August \$25,562,000 \$19,193,000
September 24,584,000 22,362,000
October 26,282,000 23,890,000
November 25,210,000 24,070,000
December 25,837,000 27,031,000
1897. 1898.
January 24,310,994 29,000,000

In ordinary circumstances the January receipts under the Dingley law would leave a large surplus, but for the month closed there have been some unusual expenditures, such as \$12,375,000 for pensions and \$5,834,000 for interest on the public debt. Disbursements for the month of February will drop back to a normal average, while with continued large importations of wool and an increase in the arrivals of foreign sugar and other articles to make good the incursions upon the enormous oversupply of the closing months of the Wilson law, the customs and internal revenues may be expected to show a healthy and natural increase.

The period of uncertainty regarding one feature of the operations of the Dingley tariff is at an end. As a producer of revenue, the law is proving itself to be an unqualified success.

The Man for a Crisis.—Since William McKinley entered upon his duties as President of the United States there has been no happier of an official or a private nature that has brought the dignity of his character into such bold relief as the De la Harpe incident. In the midst of general excitement and natural outbursts of indignation with the spirit of the people directed to the depths and manifesting itself in demands for radical action, he has maintained a dignified bearing, a self-possession and a confidence in the wisdom of his own patriotic policy that has won him the admiration of the people and the commanding figure of American statesmanship in a crisis.

Personality ignoring the subtlety of the ex-minister, he officially defended the dignity of the presidential office by a demand for his recall. Not once has he shown irritation and he has been prompt without undue haste. Passion has not swayed him nor friendly importunity swayed him from the path of consistent action that he outlined for himself at the beginning of his presidency.

The discovery of the hollowness of Spain's pretenses of autonomy for Cuba and reciprocal trade relations with the United States neither shocked nor surprised him. He has been fully aware of the real situation, and what were startling revelations to the public were to the President mere confirmations of previously acquired information. The public will again acquiesce in the wisdom of the lower house of Congress in voting to give sole power to the President to deal with Cuban affairs.

His policy, thus unswerving, will be pursued with fixed determination. The interests of this country will be faithfully guarded and upheld, and when the time shall come for the United States to make demands, the demands will be enforced. The honor and the welfare of the country are in the hands of a man who has given the greatest evidence of being their safest, wisest and ablest custodian. —Chicago Times-Herald.

A Round Billion and a Half.—The exact trade balance of the United States for the year ending Dec. 31, 1897, is shown to be \$357,111,204. The value of exports for that year, as shown by revised figures of the Treasury Department, was \$1,099,743,534, as compared with \$1,095,837,241 in 1896. The imports were valued at \$742,631,350, as against \$684,578,550 in 1896. The exports for December last were valued at \$125,088,170, and the imports at \$515,528,180. The exports for the month were \$7,000,000 more than those of December, 1896, but the imports were less by about \$7,500,000.

An instructive contrast is found upon examining the trade returns of Great Britain for 1897. The difference between the fiscal showing of the leading free-trade nation of the world and that of the leading protection nation of the world will not escape attention. British imports for the year reached the highest record mark of \$2,250,100,000, while the exports fell off to \$1,717,750,000, a decrease of \$28,975,000, and this leaves as the disparity between imports and exports the enormous sum of \$532,350,000. There is, therefore, a

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

SERIOUS SUBJECTS CAREFULLY CONSIDERED.

A Scholarly Exposition of the Lesson—Thoughts Worthy of Calm Reflection—Half an Hour's Study of the Scriptures—Time Well Spent.

Lesson for Feb. 27.
Golden Text.—"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11: 28.

The lesson this week is entitled "Warning and Invitation," and is from Matt. 11: 20-30.

Introductory.
Chapters 11 and 12 of Matthew's gospel are given to "show the attitude of various persons toward the gospel and teaching concerning the spirit in which the gospel must be received." (Burton.) The connection of these several events and sections of teaching with one another is not close; they are simply grouped together by the evangelist, with much regard to their chronological relations, but with respect to his general purpose in the book.

Explanatory.
How sorely the spirit of Jesus must have been tried to call forth these stern words. "We must believe that he spoke more in sorrow than in anger. He loved those cities, in the neighborhood of which he had spent his life, and among which he had done most of his work. To 'upbraid' them can hardly mean that his mood and tone were those of a scolding parent, or one who is rebuking a child. Rather he was pronouncing with deep sadness the doom which those unhappy communities had brought upon themselves."

Chorazin and Bethsaida are not prominent in the gospels, though they were in the immediate vicinity of Capernaum. Bethsaida was the city at the point where the Jordan empties into the northern end of the Sea of Galilee. Chorazin probably to the west or southwest Jesus must have preached and wrought in many towns and villages of which the gospels say nothing. Galilee was a very densely populated region in the day. It should not be forgotten that the ministers of our Lord, short as it was, furnished material for dozens of scores of narratives like our "gospels."

Where we have the record of a day here and a day there, a complete chronicle would fill many volumes.—Tyne and Siddons. The two great Phoenician cities on the coast, north-west of Galilee, were famous and prosperous notwithstanding frequent difficulties in the past with the great world powers. They were not Jewish cities, but were the seat of a culture very much advanced. Probably Jesus takes them as an extreme example of apparent indifference and worldliness, with complete contempt for the inferiority, ingratitude and unbelief of the Galileans.

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This verse introduces an entirely new section, as suggested above. Whether the two are to be connected is a question largely of opinion. Some writers think that verses 25 and 26 refer to the mystery of divine providence as shown in the great privileges granted to the cities of Galilee and neglected by them, while Sodom had no such light to save her from doom. (That may be, or it is possible that this is an isolated saying of Jesus, which is brought in here by Matthew as showing the attitude of a very different class of men towards the divine message.)

Jesus is not only the source of knowledge; he is also the source of power and grace. Immunity from sinfulness to his followers; he promises a lighter burden and an easier yoke. The yoke is to make the burden easier. It is not in this connection, the mark of subjection. This promise meant much to the Jews of Christ's time, for their yokes and their burdens were heavy. The twofold yoke was that of political subjection to Rome and spiritual subjection to the vast system of papal restrictions laid upon conduct by the tradition of the scribes. These, in addition to the common burdens of human life everywhere, helped to add to the widespread weariness and sadness of the time.—The roles from such weakness-was to come from a new way of living—the world was tired of philosophies—but from a person. That person must be more than human, else he could not have within himself any lasting source of satisfaction for the lasting needs of men. One such person has lived, and but one. What other could have uttered these words without blasphemy and folly? What other being could have fulfilled the promise so unerringly and bountifully?

Teaching Hints.
Warning and invitation went side by side in the teaching of Jesus. So they should in ours. We have no right to speak in words of our own against the unrighteous, or to give invitations of our own to the needy. But to both we can and should echo the words of Christ.

Great privilege constitutes great responsibility. Capernaum—that had been exalted in privilege, was to be brought lowest in judgment.

The gospel is first of all not a system of doctrine, but an invitation to the service of a person—Jesus Christ. Doctrine follows in its due place, as a statement of the consequences which follow the acceptance of such an invitation.

Next Lesson.—"Jesus and the Sabbath,"—Matt. 12: 1-13.

A Wise Precaution.
The "Kölnische Zeitung" relates this anecdote of the late French senator, Renaud.

When Renaud first came as senator to Paris, he engaged a room at a hotel and paid a month's rent—one hundred and fifty francs—in advance. The proprietor asked if he would have a receipt.

"It is not necessary," replied Renaud, "God has witnessed the payment."

"Do you believe in God?" sneered the host.

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A Poor Test.
"Sometimes I think I've been purified, and sometimes I think I've been petrified," said the brother who always measured his piety by his feelings. There are many like him. Joyful feeling is often a result of faith. But emotion is not faith. Do we love God and yearn for the coming of his kingdom? That is the test of discipleship.—Bp. worth Larnall.

"There is an old woman," says a London paper, "who has a milk stand in St. James' Park, who has stood at it for sixty-three years. Her mother kept it before her and her grandmother before that, the latter having been in possession for seventy-two years."

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

SERIOUS SUBJECTS CAREFULLY CONSIDERED.

A Scholarly Exposition of the Lesson—Thoughts Worthy of Calm Reflection—Half an Hour's Study of the Scriptures—Time Well Spent.

Lesson for Feb. 27.
Golden Text.—"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11: 28.

The lesson this week is entitled "Warning and Invitation," and is from Matt. 11: 20-30.

Introductory.
Chapters 11 and 12 of Matthew's gospel are given to "show the attitude of various persons toward the gospel and teaching concerning the spirit in which the gospel must be received." (Burton.) The connection of these several events and sections of teaching with one another is not close; they are simply grouped together by the evangelist, with much regard to their chronological relations, but with respect to his general purpose in the book.

Explanatory.
How sorely the spirit of Jesus must have been tried to call forth these stern words. "We must believe that he spoke more in sorrow than in anger. He loved those cities, in the neighborhood of which he had spent his life, and among which he had done most of his work. To 'upbraid' them can hardly mean that his mood and tone were those of a scolding parent, or one who is rebuking a child. Rather he was pronouncing with deep sadness the doom which those unhappy communities had brought upon themselves."

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MICHIGAN JAIL STATISTICS.

Prisoners Locked Up in a Year—Cost to the State.

Secretary of State Gardner has submitted to Gov. Pingree an abstract of the reports of the sheriffs of the State for the year ending June 30 last. The report is a general summary of the jail statistics of the State during the year is reported at 17,842, of whom 10,527 were males and 1,315 females. The average number in the jails during the year was 630.50, and the average duration of imprisonment, 12.89 days.

The number of prisoners committed for high crimes was 2,142, and for minor offenses 15,258; number of witnesses 52, debtors 38, and insane persons 34. The causes of commitment of 8 were not reported.

The whole number of prisoners confined in the jails, including those in the beginning of the year, was 18,310. Of this number 310 were convicted and sent to State prison; 314 to the State house of correction; 1,317 to the Detroit house of correction; 210 to the Industrial School for Boys, and 43 to the Industrial Home for Girls.

The annual cost of maintaining the jails during the year was \$138,681.57, of which sum \$114,085.94 was paid to sheriffs for board and keeping of prisoners. This latter sum includes the amounts received for "locks and unlocks." The average cost per week for board and keeping of each prisoner was \$4.00, and the average total cost for each prisoner \$80.00.

The tables include reports from all the counties in the State except Alpena. Four counties report for only six months, or from Jan. 1, 1897, viz., Branch, Cheboygan, Dickinson and Wayne, and the report from Ontonagon is only from April 10 to June 30, 1897. The jail of this county, together with the jail records, was burned Aug. 25, 1896. It was rebuilt and the new jail occupied April 10, 1897. The number of prisoners received in the jails of Branch, Cheboygan, Dickinson and Wayne counties in the six months, January-June, was 3,227. If it may be assumed that an equal number was received during the first half of the year, the total number of prisoners received in the jails during the year was something in excess of 21,000 instead of 17,842, as shown by the tables. It will be noticed that in this estimate no account is made of the number committed to the Alpena jail, or of the number of prisoners in Ontonagon previous to April 10, 1897.

The number of prisoners reported received in the jails in 1873, the first year reports were made, was 8,063, as compared with 17,842 reported in 1897, an increase of 9,779. Dividing the time covered by the table into periods of five years, the average number of prisoners reported for each of the first five years was 7,574; for the second, 8,724; third, 11,900; fourth, 12,288, and fifth, 16,320. The average for the last period is 8,763 more than for the first period, an increase of 116 per cent.

The increase of population from 1874 to 1897 was 907,010, or 68 per cent. In the year 1873-74 there was an average of 5.7 prisoners to each 1,000 of the population in 1874, and in the period 1893-97 an average of 7.3 prisoners to each 1,000 of the population in 1894.

SUGAR BEET CULTURE.
Agricultural College Experiment Station.

The officials of the experiment station at the agricultural college have completed a bulletin regarding the cultivation of sugar beets in Michigan. The results set forth in the publication are based on experiments conducted at the college farm and in various other places in 64 Michigan counties during the summer of 1897. In reference to soil conditions it is stated that the plant requires a good supply of potash and phosphates, but its quality is impaired by excess of organic matter and nitrates, these causing a decrease of sugar and an increase of gum-like or non-saccharine matter which lowers the content of purity. Much land, however, containing an excess of vegetable matter are not suited for raising beets.

Four hundred and sixty-eight separate shipments of seeds were made to Michigan farmers for experimental purposes last year, and 484 samples of beets were received for analysis from points in the State outside of the college farm. The bulletin embodies a table giving the results of the analysis of each one of these samples, 64 counties being represented in the list.

The average per cent of sugar in the beets of the whole section of the State, when grown on the proper soil and from the right kind of seed, is 16.40, which is surprising, as it far exceeds that of the best districts of France and Germany.

The range of yields per acre for 1897 was from 12 to 18 tons. The average yield at the college farm was 14 tons and 328 pounds. The labor cost of growing an acre of beets under adverse conditions was \$35.40.

In conclusion it is stated that the results achieved last year show that the climate and soil conditions for the growth of sugar beets in Michigan are full of promise. Even the results in the counties of the upper peninsula, where promising conditions were not expected, were surprising, both in the amount of sugar and the purity of the juice.

Short State Items.
Gerrit J. Imwinkel, when about to enter church at Holland, dropped dead, aged 70 years.

Township Clerk O. P. Woodworth of Buchanan was severely burned by an explosion of alcohol.

Mrs. Cora Wagner, daughter of wealthy residents of Ypsilanti, committed suicide while depressed.

The snow in Oceana County has been twenty feet deep in places. Whole orchards are covered.

Perry Hungerford was seriously burned by an explosion of chemicals in the laboratory at Albion College.

A jail delivery at Mason was frustrated by the discovery of a hole which was being made in the floor of the corridor.

The salaries of the Bay City policemen which were cut 20 per cent a year ago, will be restored to their former figure.

Mrs. Frances Elizabeth Bagley, widow of ex-Gov. John J. Bagley, died at Colorado Springs, Colo., of appendicitis, after a two-week illness.

Nicholas Ludwiczewski, 10 years old, was probably fatally stabbed by Stephen Chrusciowski, 8 years old, in a boyish quarrel at Detroit.

Sarah Zsomboski, aged 18, of Thomas-ton, grew despondent and made an unsuccessful attempt to commit suicide by taking a dose of Paris green.

Jay Gibbs of Oshtemo was gored nearly to death by an infuriated bull. Members of the family drove off the beast with pickforks before fatal injuries were inflicted.

An old man named David Livelle of Maple Ridge was struck by a train while walking on the track near Lathrop, and, severely mangled. Death resulted in a few minutes.

Surveyors are now very busy, in spite of the deep snow, on the extension of Detroit and Mackinaw Railroad from Alpena to Cheboygan, and on a new working beyond Onawa. The road will be completed early in the spring.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR.

THE PUBLIC TRIAL OF EMILE ZOLA.

The public trial of Emile Zola, the great French novelist, and M. Perreux, manager of the Aurore newspaper, who have been prosecuted by the Government as the result

The Avalanche.

J. C. HANSON, LOCAL EDITOR.
THURSDAY, FEB. 24, 1898.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Bonn—Feb. 16th, to Mr. and Mrs. Lars Nelson, a son.

Claggett's Golden Sunrise Tea can't be beat. Only 25 cents. Try it.

B. Kieley, of Roscommon, was in town one day last week.

Order the Delineator of S. H. & Co.

S. Odell, of Center Plains township was in town last Friday.

Pure Maple Syrup for your Pancakes, at Claggett's.

C. B. Johnson, of Maple Forest, was in town last Thursday.

Dolls and Toys of all descriptions, at Fournier's Drug Store.

W. O. Braden returned from his visit to Detroit, last Friday.

Fifteen bars of Lion Soap for 25 cents, at Claggett's.

Standish raised \$50 for the starving Cubans.

Buy a Garland Stove of S. H. & Co., and keep warm.

Joseph Metcalf, of Center Plains township, was in town last week.

TO RENT—Four room cottage in good condition. Enquire at this office.

There were 1376 deaths from diphtheria in Michigan in 1897.

Save postage by subscribing for a Magazine, at J. W. Sorenson's.

S. S. Claggett returned from his trip the latter part of the week.

Rev. R. L. Cope was in Roscommon several days last week, holding services.

Order Butterick's Patterns of S. H. & Co.

Ike Rosenthal started for New York City, last Friday morning, to purchase a stock of new goods.

Subscriptions received for all the leading magazines at lowest rates, at J. W. Sorenson's.

O. Palmer is in attendance at the Farmer's Institute "Roundup" at Lansing.

JA-VO Blend is the name of Claggett's 25 cent Coffee. Best on earth for the money.

Earl Ingerson returned from a trip to West Branch and Saginaw, Tuesday.

Bring your Wheat and Rye to S. H. & Co.

J. J. Collins went to Detroit last week for a visit, while recuperating from his illness of the past month.

Subscriptions received for all the leading magazines at lowest rates, at J. W. Sorenson's.

G. F. Owen, of Judge, came to town last Friday by train, the roads being impassable.

Subscriptions received for all the leading magazines, at lowest rates, at J. W. Sorenson's.

Rogers City will vote on a proposition to bond the town for \$2,000 to build a town hall.

S. S. Claggett offers \$5,000 reward for any imprints found in his Buckwheat Flour. Try it.

The M. & H. Lumber Co. are unable to secure enough cars to fill all their orders.—Lewiston Journal.

Ladies, call at S. H. & Co's store and get a Metropolitan Fashion Sheet free.

Bert Mann is attending the session of the High Court of Foresters at Detroit, this week.

Leave your subscription for Magazines, etc., with J. W. Sorenson, and save your postage.

H. Schreiber was in from Grove, Monday. The storm is interfering with his work.

Orrin Blair received word last Friday of the death of his father's mother in Hillsdale county, who was 99 years of age.

Subscriptions received for all the leading magazines, at lowest rates, at J. W. Sorenson's.

Frank O'Neil, a former resident of Grayling, and a member of Marvin Post, is stopping at the Soldier's Home at Grand Rapids.

Dr. Wm. Woodworth returned from Marshall, Tuesday evening, where he was called to attend the funeral of his daughter-in-law.

Our stock of perfumes is made up of the choicest Foreign and American odors on the market.

FOURNIER'S DRUG STORE.

F. R. Decker brought home a big sleighload of pork from Michigan's farm, last Thursday. That is the proper way to transport corn.

The "Vidette," published at the Soldier's Home, is managed by C. E. Strunk, a former employee of this office, and "Annex" department is written up by Mrs. Annie B. Elmist, who occupies the Grayling room.

John London came down from camp, last Saturday, for a two hours visit on business.

Regular meeting of Marvin Post, C. Saturday afternoon, the 26th, at the usual hour.

DIED—In Colorado, Feb. 17th, '98, Carrie Woodworth, wife of Charles Woodworth, and daughter-in-law of W. M. Woodworth.

C. House, of Maple Forest, was in town last Thursday. He was on his way to Lewiston, where he is engaged in lumbering for the winter.

Regular meeting of Crawford Tent No. 192 K. O. T. M., Saturday evening, the 26th.

G. J. Tuttle, of Gaylord, formerly of Grayling, is in the real estate business once more, in company with O. A. Phelps, of that city.

Topic for Christian Endeavor next Sunday Evening, 27th, "Getting close to Christ." Luke 10:38-43; John 17:20-26. Eva M. Stark, leader.

S. H. & Co. are buying Wheat and Rye, and paying highest market price for it.

Carl and Frank Michelson drove out to the farm on the Muskegon, Saturday, returning Sunday. A rough trip.

Recevier Allen and wife went south last Friday evening, for a visit and to attend the Republican Club banquet at Detroit, the 22d.

Cheboygan county will vote on a proposition at the spring election to bond for \$30,000 to build a new court house.

Mr. F. D. Larke, one of the proprietors of the Advance, of Rogers City, has been recommended for appointment of postmaster.

Regular meeting of Marvin Post, No. 240, Grand Army of the Republic, next Saturday evening, the 26th, at the usual hour.

Rev. Larson, of Edmore, and an assistant have been holding services in the Presbyterian church, for some time.

The next term of the Circuit Court for this county will be held week after next, commencing on Tuesday, the 8th.

Gold Medal Flour is the best in the market. Buy a barrel of S. H. & Co., or call for a sample package.

Judge Coventry, of Maple Forest township, was in town, Monday, attending the meeting of the Board of Jail Inspectors.

Mrs. Geo. L. Alexander went to Detroit to day, for a short visit. She will spend Sunday with Master Freddie at Ann Arbor.

The ladies are calling for Vick's catalogue and making their selections of seeds and plants for this season. Vick leads the world.

An accident insurance company has been organized at Grayling, with Archie McKay, at one time a resident of Cheboygan, as manager.—Cheb. Tribune.

The Lewiston Cornet Band contemplates giving a concert at Vienna on Feb. 26th. A little later they will give a concert at Lewiston, and one at Grayling.—Lewiston Journal.

Nearly every one in the town had popliteal symptoms, Monday, at least they were in the "middle of the road," as the walks were piled with snow.

J. E. McKnight has sold his team and good will in the draying business to John Olson. J. E. will soon go south to purchase another team for farming purposes.

State Tresspass Agent King is after the timber thieves, from state lands. One arrest has been made at Wolverine, and it is said there are a number of trespassers spotted along this line.

Claggett's new line of Canned Goods consists of Evergreen, Ruby, Lily of the Valley Sugar Corn, Ruby Succotash, Bureka and Favorite Peas, Tip Top, Roast Beef and Ruby Tomatoes. Try 'em.

Mrs. M. F. Merrill, of Toledo, arrived in the village Monday, and will remain, and keep her mother, Mrs. B. S. Gifford, company until spring. Ros. News.

County Clerk Hartwick has returned from his western trip, feeling much refreshed by the rest and recreation. He visited Dr. Thatcher, J. M. Finn and W. I. Masters among other old Graylingites.

Train 100 on Mackinaw Division, Conductor Soderquist, was stuck in the snow about two miles south of Gaylord, from Saturday night last until 3 p. m., Sunday. It took three engines with snow plow to release them.

I. H. Richardson and C. J. Richardson, of South Branch, members of the Board of Superintendents of the Poor, left home early Monday morning, to attend the meeting of the Board of Jail Inspectors, but on account of snow drifts did not reach town until late in the evening. The Board had adjourned.

Sup. Hoessli and M. Dyer, of Blaine township, were in town, yesterday.

The W. B. C. will give a Grand Ball, April 1st. Programme will be given later.

Miss Ella Sanderhoff, who has resided here for some time, returned south, last Monday.

R. Purchase dug his way through the snowdrifts, Tuesday, making an all-day trip from his place.

The Otsego Co. Herald says that the pantomime "Tenting on the old Camp Ground," given at the school house, Monday evening, was greatly enjoyed.

O. Robinson, P. Coventry and H. Davenport drove down from Frederic for the party, "Tuesday evening," and were five hours on the road, on account of the drifts.

Both saw mills and planing mill have been shut down. There are no logs at the saw mills and the tracks are drifted so that cars can not get at the lumber for the planing-mill.

John Olson has bought the dray line of J. E. McKnight, and will continue the business. By prompt attention to the wants of the people he hopes for their continued patronage. All orders for work will be strictly attended to.

The storm of Saturday night and Sunday played havoc with railroad transportation. Trains were from six to twenty-four hours late, and a number were finally abandoned.

There was only one mail received here from Saturday night to Monday night.

Tally one for Roscommon. Another family from Ohio arrived in the village, yesterday, on the afternoon train, and brought word that three more families are on the way driving through. We like to hear such news, and bid them all welcome.—Ros. News.

Evangelistic meetings at the Presbyterian Church, conducted by Rev. P. V. Jennings, of Bay City, will begin March 7th. There will be bible reading at 3:00 p. m., and song and gospel meetings at 7:30 p. m. every day. An earnest invitation is extended to all, who are interested in the saving of men, to give their assistance in the work.

The masquerade, given by the M. C. R. men, Tuesday evening, was an unequalled success in every way. Many of the costumes were unique to a degree, and the characters well sustained. The crowd was really too large for comfort or pleasant dancing, but it was the best natured crowd that ever assembled, and there was fun on every hand.

A number of our citizens are committing thoughtless crime in the way they distribute their coal ashes in the street. Some place them directly in the sleigh track, where they are liable to tear the runner from a cutter, or stall the team with a loaded sleigh, and others leave them by the side of the track in piles high enough to overturn a cutter. Several accidents have happened that would have been avoided by a little thought.

A Clever Trick.

It certainly looks like it, but there is really no trick about it. Anybody can try it, who has lame back and weak kidneys, malaria or nervous troubles. We mean he can cure himself right away by taking Electric Bitters. This medicine tones up the whole system, acts as stimulant to the liver and kidneys, is a blood purifier and nerve tonic. It cures Constipation, Headache, Fainting Spells, Sleeplessness, and Melancholy. It is purely vegetable, a mild laxative and restores the system to its natural vigor. Try Electric Bitters, and be convinced that they are a miracle worker. Every bottle guaranteed. Only fifty cents a bottle, at L. Fournier's Drug Store.

Tuesday was the birthday of the "Father of his country," and was also the 12th anniversary of the birth of Florence, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Wright. Both events were appropriately celebrated here, but we are of the opinion that the little one had the most genuine enjoyment.

Twenty-five of her classmates in Sabbath day school helped her to celebrate. A glad social visit at the house, a rollicking sleigh ride and return to a bounteous banquet, all tended to all the little misses' hearts with pleasure that will be long remembered by them, and was enjoyed as much by those who granted it.

The Greatest Discovery Yet.

W. M. Repine, editor Tiskilwa, Ill., "Chief," says: "We won't keep house without Dr. King's new Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds. We experimented with many others, but never got the true remedy until we used Dr. King's New Discovery. No other remedy can take its place in our home, as in it we have a certain and sure cure for coughs, colds whooping cough, etc." It is idle to experiment with other remedies, even if they are urged on you as just as good as Dr. King's New Discovery. They are not as good, because this remedy has a record of cures, and besides is guaranteed. It never fails to satisfy. Trial bottles free at L. Fournier's Drug Store.

List of Letters Remaining in the Post Office at Grayling for the week ending Feb'y. 18th, 1898.

Austin, John Haywood, Chas. J. Johnson, Tony.

Persons calling for any of the above letters, will please say 'Advertised.'

M. A. Bates, P. M.

The Trouble Over.

A prominent man in town exclaimed the other day: "My wife has been wearing out her life from the effects of Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint and Indigestion. Her case baffled the skill of our best physicians. After using three packages of Jacob's Coughing King for the nerves she is almost entirely well." Keep your blood in a healthy condition by the use of this great vegetable compound. Call at L. Fournier's, sole agent, and get a trial package free. Large sizes 50c and 25c.

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O. Robinson, P. Coventry and H. Davenport drove down from Frederic for the party, "Tuesday evening," and were five hours on the road, on account of the drifts.

Both saw mills and planing mill have been shut down. There are no logs at the saw mills and the tracks are drifted so that cars can not get at the lumber for the planing-mill.

John Olson has bought the dray line of J. E. McKnight, and will continue the business. By prompt attention to the wants of the people he hopes for their continued patronage. All orders for work will be strictly attended to.

The storm of Saturday night and Sunday played havoc with railroad transportation. Trains were from six to twenty-four hours late, and a number were finally abandoned.

There was only one mail received here from Saturday night to Monday night.

Tally one for Roscommon. Another family from Ohio arrived in the village, yesterday, on the afternoon train, and brought word that three more families are on the way driving through. We like to hear such news, and bid them all welcome.—Ros. News.

Evangelistic meetings at the Presbyterian Church, conducted by Rev. P. V. Jennings, of Bay City, will begin March 7th. There will be bible reading at 3:00 p. m., and song and gospel meetings at 7:30 p. m. every day. An earnest invitation is extended to all, who are interested in the saving of men, to give their assistance in the work.

The masquerade, given by the M. C. R. men, Tuesday evening, was an unequalled success in every way. Many of the costumes were unique to a degree, and the characters well sustained. The crowd was really too large for comfort or pleasant dancing, but it was the best natured crowd that ever assembled, and there was fun on every hand.

A number of our citizens are committing thoughtless crime in the way they distribute their coal ashes in the street. Some place them directly in the sleigh track, where they are liable to tear the runner from a cutter, or stall the team with a loaded sleigh, and others leave them by the side of the track in piles high enough to overturn a cutter. Several accidents have happened that would have been avoided by a little thought.

A Clever Trick.

It certainly looks like it, but there is really no trick about it. Anybody can try it, who has lame back and weak kidneys, malaria or nervous troubles. We mean he can cure himself right away by taking Electric Bitters. This medicine tones up the whole system, acts as stimulant to the liver and kidneys, is a blood purifier and nerve tonic. It cures Constipation, Headache, Fainting Spells, Sleeplessness, and Melancholy. It is purely vegetable, a mild laxative and restores the system to its natural vigor. Try Electric Bitters, and be convinced that they are a miracle worker. Every bottle guaranteed. Only fifty cents a bottle, at L. Fournier's Drug Store.

Tuesday was the birthday of the "Father of his country," and was also the 12th anniversary of the birth of Florence, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Wright. Both events were appropriately celebrated here, but we are of the opinion that the little one had the most genuine enjoyment.

Twenty-five of her classmates in Sabbath day school helped her to celebrate. A glad social visit at the house, a rollicking sleigh ride and return to a bounteous banquet, all tended to all the little misses' hearts with pleasure that will be long remembered by them, and was enjoyed as much by those who granted it.

The Greatest Discovery Yet.

W. M. Repine, editor Tiskilwa, Ill., "Chief," says: "We won't keep house without Dr. King's new Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds. We experimented with many others, but never got the true remedy until we used Dr. King's New Discovery. No other remedy can take its place in our home, as in it we have a certain and sure cure for coughs, colds whooping cough, etc." It is idle to experiment with other remedies, even if they are urged on you as just as good as Dr. King's New Discovery. They are not as good, because this remedy has a record of cures, and besides is guaranteed. It never fails to satisfy. Trial bottles free at L. Fournier's Drug Store.

List of Letters Remaining in the Post Office at Grayling for the week ending Feb'y. 18th, 1898.

Austin, John Haywood, Chas. J. Johnson, Tony.

Persons calling for any of the above letters, will please say 'Advertised.'

M. A. Bates, P. M.

The Trouble Over.

A prominent man in town exclaimed the other day: "My wife has been wearing out her life from the effects of Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint and Indigestion. Her case baffled the skill of our best physicians. After using three packages of Jacob's Coughing King for the nerves she is almost entirely well." Keep your blood in a healthy condition by the use of this great vegetable compound. Call at L. Fournier's, sole agent, and get a trial package free. Large sizes 50c and 25c.

ANOTHER

ANNOUNCEMENT!

GREAT SLAUGHTER SALE!

TO BEGIN ON

MONDAY, JANUARY 17TH, 1898,

and continue for a limited time.

We must have Money, and to get it

will reduce our STOCK by selling

GOODS at

COST.

Nothing reserved. Everything goes.

NOW IS YOUR TIME TO BUY

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HATS,

CAPS, SHOES & CLOTHING.

TERMS. - CASH.

Don't miss this great sale at the store of

S. S. CLAGGETT,

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

The fact that the records of the old cemetery are in a very unsatisfactory and incomplete condition, has been a source of annoyance and trouble to our citizens owning lots therein. A notice from the Board of Health is given in another column, which means that these records are to be thoroughly corrected. Every citizen interested should give the matter prompt attention, and place their deeds in the hands of the Board for record and comparison.

Bucklin's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by L. Fournier, druggist.

Reports to the State Board of Health show that Rheumatism, influenza, neuralgia, bronchitis and tonsillitis, in the order named, caused the most sickness in Michigan during the past week. Consumption was reported at 88 places, measles at 44, scarlet fever at 38, diphtheria at 28, typhoid fever at 24, and whooping cough at 8.

A Horrible Railroad Accident.

Is a daily chronicle in our papers; also the death of some dear friend, who had died with Consumption, whereas, if he or she had taken Otto's Cure for Throat and Lung diseases in time, life would have been rendered happier and perhaps saved. Heed the warning. If you have a cough or any affection of the Throat and Lungs, call at L. Fournier's, sole agent and get a trial bottle free. Large sizes 50c and 25c.

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3 SPECIAL 3

OFFERINGS!

ALL MUST GO WITHIN THE NEXT

TEN DAYS!

Your choice of Ladie's Jackets, Silk Lined, material the best of Kerseys, every garment tailor made, and never sold at less than \$15.00,

TO CLOSE FOR \$6.98.

Choice of any Skirt in the House, regular value from \$5 to \$10.00.—This does not include the cheap skirts in stock.

TO CLOSE AT \$3.98.

Mens' and Boys' Caps, regular 49 and 69 cent goods. You want to buy them within the specified time or it will be too late to close at 24 cents.

We have a number of good shoes still on sale.

IKE ROSENTHAL,

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

DRUGS & MEDICINES.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL

(NIAGARA FALLS ROUTE.)

Trains leave Grayling as follows:

GOING NORTH.

3:55 P. M. Mackinaw Express, Daily except Su-

day; arrives at Mackinaw, 7:00 P. M.

9:35 A. M. Marquette Express, Daily, arrives at Mackinaw 7:15 A. M.

1:00 P. M. Way Freight, arrives Mackinaw 7:3 P. M.

12:40 P. M. Mackinaw Accommodation.

GOING SOUTH.

2:15 P. M. Detroit Express, arrives at Ba-

City, 4:35 P. M. Detroit 10:00 P. M.

12:05 A. M. New York Express, Daily, arrives Bay City 3:35 A. M. Detroit, 7:50 A. M.

2:30 P. M. Bay City Accommodation, arrives at Bay City 6:45 P. M.

Lewiston Accommodation—Depart 6:30 A. M. Ar. 1:15 P. M.

O. W. RUGGLES, GEN. PASS. AGENT

A. W. CANFIELD, Local Ticket Agt., Grayling.

Mortgage Sale.

UNDER the power of sale contained in mortgage, Soren Anderson and Agnes Anderson, his wife, are mortgagee, and Standard Savings and Loan Association, of Detroit, Michigan, is the mortgagee. The mortgage bears date February 8th, 1895, was recorded February 20th, 1895, in the office of Register of Deeds for Crawford County, Michigan, in Liber "D" of mortgages, pages 6 and 7. At this date there is due on said mortgage four hundred and thirty-two and 1/2 dollars. The mortgaged premises are situated in the village of Grayling, County of Crawford, and State of Michigan, viz: Lot four 1/4 Block three of Goodale's Addition to Grayling. This land will be sold at the front door to the Court House, in the village of Grayling, Crawford County, Michigan, on Saturday, March 13th, 1898, at twelve o'clock noon, local time, to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage, cost and expenses of said sale, and the attorney fee provided for in said mortgage and by law.

Dated December 29th, 1897.

STANDARD SAVINGS & LOAN ASSOCIATION, Mortgagee.

BARBORN & REXFORD, Attorneys for Mortgagee, dec23-1897

For Sale by

L. FOURNIER,

DEALER IN—

DRUGS, MEDICINES,

SCHOOL BOOKS,

STATIONERY, &c.,

Grayling, - Michigan.

These are Regular

OR



NEW HOME FOR SOLDIERS

THE Government has completed the expenditure of \$1,000,000 and nine years' work in converting 235 acres of rolling and barren Indiana land into a city for men who participated in her conflicts. The work was to have been completed by the first of last year, but there were delays which set it back. In this delightful retreat over 2,000 men in blue, many without arms, others without legs, are huddled together to let the sands of life run out.

The thirty-first Congress passed the bill of Congressman George W. Steel appropriating \$200,000 for a national soldiers' home to be built at Marion, Ind. This was approved Jan. 23, 1888. A 235-acre tract of land belonging to a farmer named Trunk was selected and the work of construction begun. Previous to this act of Congress there were six national homes of soldiers and sailors and over twenty State homes. These institutions, however, were crowded, and there was urgent necessity to either enlarge them materially or erect a new national home. The same condition exists to-day, and the Government, while finishing the Marion home, was laying the foundation for an eighth at Danville, Ill., which in the course of seven or eight years will also be completed.

The death rate of participants in the late rebellion may by the time the Danville home is completed have reached such a point that the present homes will afford all of the facilities needed by the Government to care for those who nurtured her in the years of '12, '49, '61-65.

Barring probabilities, that another war will again fill hospitals and wreck lives, as well as wrest them, the time is fast approaching when the great army, which now numbers about 150,000, will have passed away; when the great cities which have and are now being erected for the comfort of her unfortunate will be empty. Still, in her building to meet their present requirements and their comforts, the Government is not erecting structures to stand a day, a year, a decade or a century, but many centuries. The permanence of construction, the completeness of the work and the beauty and art work into these homes strike one as most probably elaborate considering the fact that in a few years they will not be needed for what they are now used.

The Marion home, the seventh and most modern, is nothing short of an

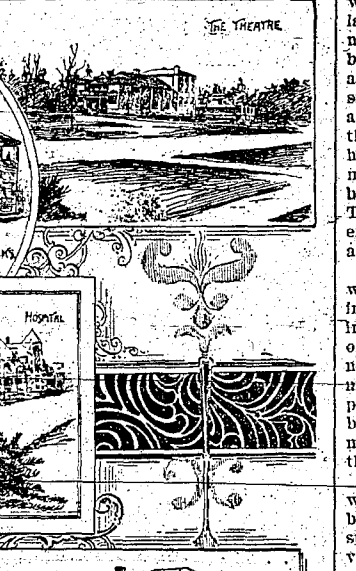
artistic, sloping eaves, which come over the verandas. On the first floor is the dining hall, one of the most interesting points in the city. It is a pleasant retreat, one great room in which 1,080 can dine at once with the ease and style of the millionaire who sticks his feet under the board at the Waldorf-Astoria. On the second floor is the Grand Army chapel and a library of 5,000 volumes. On the shelves are twenty-four daily newspapers and many weekly publications and the leading magazines. The number of books is rapidly increasing.

In the rear of this building is the most complete and probably the most thoroughly scientific and up-to-date big kitchen in the Central or Western States. It is by long odds the pride of the home. The kitchen cost something like \$60,000. It is two stories and a half, artistically built and perfectly equipped. Natural gas is utilized for the cooking, but if it ever gives out provisions have been made whereby electricity can be brought into use.

Back of this couplet of buildings, which together cost almost \$100,000, and across a prettily laid out lawn, is the new theater building. In rear of this, across another stretch of lawn, lies the club, provided with billiard and pool tables and other contrivances for pleasure. There are several pool and billiard "sharks" among the "old boys." Everything is free. Back of the club lies the woods. To the right is the commissary department, to the left the waterworks and the fire engine house. The water used is taken from wells drilled 300 feet. There is a fire company and ample fire protection. There are administration buildings, headquarters, special hospitals, greenhouses, a postoffice, a home store, and fourteen barracks, making a total of thirty-five buildings in all.

These barracks are the homes of the soldiers—the sleeping apartments. Big verandas encircle them and afford ample lounging place. There is a captain in charge of each, and he has a neat office and a sergeant as an attendant. Each barracks is fitted for four companies of fifty men each, and each company has a separate room. In these retreats the old soldiers of the wars of '48 and '60-65 pass the winter at cards, and in the summer stroll among the flower gardens, on the drill grounds by the Black road, one of the most beautiful excursions in the State, which runs through the center of a sixty-acre forest.

To maintain this institution the Government makes an annual appropriation of \$85,000 for food, a general appropriation of \$100,000 for general fund, and at present \$51,000 in pensions per annum. No man receiving more than \$16 per month can be admitted to the home.



A TYPICAL BARRACKS.

architectural dream. It lies near the little town of Jonesboro, though Marion is but three miles away. Picturesque Mississippi River shrubs form one end, and neatly trimmed shrubs form the fence which incloses the picturesque retreat.

West from the great entrance to the west, the city of buildings is seen a quarter of a mile off across the drill grounds. On the drill grounds the stars and stripes wave in all of their glory, and there is not a place where they seem so thoroughly appropriate and so well appreciated. Under the flagstaff is a row of brass cannon.

In the space between the buildings, and the outer guardhouse lies a little grove, and under the spreading boughs of the trees are modest little white stones. They seemingly form great circles—circles within circles. Here lie the men who have entered across the gray drill ground, have lived in the village of pretty residences, walks and flower gardens, and at last joined the great procession to enlist in the higher army. Here the stars and stripes float over graves. The little white stones are used at Gettysburg to mark the last resting-places of those who died "in line," and they are none the less impressive when viewed under the trees at Marion, where, after years of joys, of sorrows and of pains, those who missed the bullets at Gettysburg have found their allotted six feet of earth and their little white stone on which is but a simple inscription: "John Smith, Company A, Seventh Indiana Volunteers. Died Jan. 22, 1862."

Buildings of the Home.
Broad macadamized drives and prettily little walks, properly and artistically curbed and guttered with brick, lead to the city within. Over the knoll to the north is the home of the governor, a modern house of frame built in colonial style, neither gaudy nor common. Beyond the governor's residence is the treasurer's house, equally artistic and comfortable. There are pretty flower beds and walks and drives leading up to the residences. Down the slope and across the broad main drive stretches the great central court, probably 1,000 feet square. In the center is the band stand, in which last year over 200 concerts were given. Walks and flower gardens make this open space very artistic and give good effect to the buildings which surround it. On the east is the hospital—undoubtedly the finest in Indiana and one of the finest in the country. The building cost \$75,000.

At the further end of the open court, facing the governor's residence, is the main building, where the inmates are housed in a manner most artistic and satisfactory. This is one of the best and one of the prettiest buildings in the list of thirty-five. It is of dressed brick, with clock tower and ar-

HOW TO BE GRACEFUL.

Proper Exercises Will Bring About Some Fine Results.

The one rule to be always observed by the woman who seeks to be graceful is to keep the chest active. It should never be relaxed; the body should bend from the hips, whether one leans forward, backward, or sideways.

If, however, lifting the chest is a painful effort, exercises should be taken to strengthen the enfeebled powers. Standing, posing and bending movements are of first importance. The correct standing position is one which the most women find it very difficult at first to assume. The chest should be raised, the head held erect, the abdomen drawn in at first a tipping sensation will be produced, and the back will feel uncomfortable, but continued practice of the movement will properly adjust the muscles and cause the first unpleasant consciousness to disappear.

Posing movements consist in holding the weight of the body on the balls of the feet, and rising and descending for several times in succession, holding the hands, with arms extended, upon an active chest. Other movements throw the weight of the body upon one foot only, while the other foot, after describing a circle, is held suspended behind the active one. Excellent practice for acquiring a graceful carriage consists in posing as far forward as possible with the right and left foot alternately, moving across a large room in this manner.



MOVEMENTS TO ACQUIRE GRACE.

Proper walking results from stepping so that the heel shall fall upon the ground at nearly the same time as the toe, and always in a line with it, but with the weight of the body falling on the ball, and the chest leading so promptly that a line dropped thence to the foot would fall to the toe; while a line dropped from the chest of the person who walks incorrectly would strike the instep.

Correct positions in standing and walking are often cures for weak and lame backs. Let one who doubts this note the pull upon the muscles of the back when correct attitudes are at first assumed. Other excellent exercises for strengthening the muscles of the back are the bending movements. Lifting the arms as high as possible above the head, bend the body at the waist, immediately below the floating ribs, and bring the hands gradually to the floor. The knees should be kept firm, and the exercise taken directly in front, and also at the right and left sides.

Other bending movements are of the waist, and yet others of the head. Nothing gives dignity and grace to the bearing more effectively than a regal poise of the head; and the muscles of the neck can be made flexible by practicing movements which consist, first, in dropping the head upon the chest, then backward, then in a series of rolling movements which call into action all the muscles of the neck.

There are few women, however old, weak or ill, who will not be directly benefited by practicing the foregoing suggestions. Systematic work with the various movements suggested will not only bring back departed girlish grace, but daily labor, of whatever description, will be rendered less arduous on account of the resulting suppleness.

In the case of girls it is well to be warned in time. No young woman who has acquired a stooping, ill-poised body can hope to have a graceful or stately carriage when she is old.

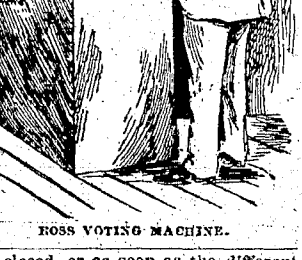
VOTING MADE HONEST.

Mr. Ross of Ohio Has a Straightforward Machine.

"It is too honest to be popular," was the rather caustic observation of a gentleman who was examining the good qualities of Mr. N. B. Ross's newly patented voting machine.

The inventor of the machine is the present representative of Putnam County, Ohio, in the House of Representatives. Mr. Ross is an old minister of the Gospel, and has had ample opportunity to see the necessity of some automatic and incorruptible voting machine that would register the vote of the people.

He started in about eight years ago to perfect a machine for that purpose, and has succeeded far beyond his original hopes or anticipations. If the Ross voting machines were used the result of any election would be made known within a few moments after the polls



ROSS VOTING MACHINE.

are closed, or as soon as the different sum totals of the precincts could be added together.

to be voted. There is room for half a dozen different ones, and if there were more tickets placed in the field then more space might easily be provided. It is so arranged that the minute a man steps into a booth his weight upon the floor throws the triggers of the machine open, and it is ready to be manipulated. Before this is done, however, the representative of every party who has a ticket in the field has to be present, and, by turning a certain combination, admits the voter to the booth. He cannot enter if one be absent. So soon as the combination of the machine is thrown open and ready for action the voter may see the ticket he desires to vote. The row of keys at the top are for a straight ticket. For example, if he desires to cast a straight Democratic ticket, he presses a key opposite the name on that ticket, and at the same time every other key on the board is locked. Say he wanted to vote for a certain man for Governor on one ticket. He presses the key opposite his name. At the same time the keys are all locked opposite the names of the other candidates for Governor on other tickets, and also the key just used, so that a vote for two men on the same ticket or for one man twice cannot be cast. This is the case with all the rest. If he neglected to press the key opposite any name for a certain office, no vote for any man would be marked.

On the same principle as fares are rung up and kept account of in street cars automatically, the number of votes for each man is kept track of and the

sum total noted at the bottom of the column. As soon as the sheet is taken from the machine a glance tells how many votes each man has received. The machine, as arranged at present, will count as many as 2,500 votes. Mr. Ross will take the machine before the present Assembly of Ohio and endeavor to have it adopted instead of the Australian ballot system.



MOVEMENTS TO ACQUIRE GRACE.

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EXERCISES FOR THE FINGERS.

Some Feats in Finger Gymnastics That Are Difficult to Perform.

For example, place both hands together in such a manner as to have the backs of the two middle fingers joined. Now try to spread out the thumbs and the other fingers from the tips. This will be found easy enough with the thumbs, the index and the little fingers, but try it with the ring fingers, and this kind of gymnastics becomes decidedly interesting. Exercise No. 2 is not so difficult, and some can do it after the first trial, but there are others who can never perform the apparently easy feat. This may also be said of the third exercise. Here the condition is not to permit the least bend in the two lower parts of the index finger. In exercise No. 4 it is imperative that the fingers remain stretched out straight. Try



CAN YOU PERFORM THESE FEATS?

some of these experiments when you have an idle ten minutes, and you will be surprised to find them not half so easy as they appear in the picture.

Ver's Last Skirmish.
"Madam," said the agent for a new work on the late conflict, as he stood before an able-bodied woman who had opened the door, "I believe your husband was in the recent war, and—"

"How recent?" asked the woman as she seated her hands on her hips.

"Sixty-five, was it not, lady?"

"I don't go back that far," she replied. "I thought maybe you meant the one he was in just after you knocked. I'm tired of his loafing round the house and I just started him on the week's wash. I reckon he'll feel more like buyin' a plaster for his back by the time he gets through than a book. The war me and him jest had is so recent, mister, that I reckon he ain't likely to forget very soon, and as for you, you're wastin' yer time and I'd advise you to be shovin' up the creek what a moment is to be unkind to a merrily."

Shrewd Young Man.

The young man approached the elderly capitalist with a confident air.

"Sir," he said, "I love your daughter. I ask you for her hand."

The old man turned pale with rage. "You want my daughter," he snarled. "Well, you'll get my foot." And he made a sudden advance on the youth. The latter did not quail. On the contrary he leaped in the air. He waved his arms. He yelled, "Kill him! Kill him! Kill him!" He jumped at the old man, who trembled and shrank back. He covered before the savage onslaught. "Kill him! Kill him! Kill him!" roared the youth.

"Wait, wait!" screamed the old man. "I'll reverse my decision!"

HUSTLES FOR HERSELF.

An Ohio Young Woman Who Carries Mail for a Living.

Not many girls would enter into a contract and furnish a good bond for the faithful and prompt performance for four years of a duty to cover thirty-two miles a day, rain, snow or shine, in delivering Uncle Sam's mail. Yet this is what Miss Sadie Webb, the 20-year-old daughter of Aaron Webb, a wealthy and prominent farmer of Porter township, Ohio, has done. Miss Webb lives with her parents on their 200-acre farm, and while the two sisters stay at home and help their mother and her father till the soil she discharges her duty as contractor on mail route No. 31,277, and probably does more driving than any other girl in Ohio. She covers 192 miles per week, 9,984 miles per month and 39,736 miles in the four years of her contract, a distance equal to that around the entire globe.

Early in the day Miss Webb leaves her home, one and a half miles north of East Liberty, and, passing through three more towns, she gathers up the mail and leaves what is to be left at that place. Besides carrying mails for four postoffice she buys all of the goods for four general stores located in the villages along the route that she has to travel every day of her life. She has bought articles for her customers ranging in size from a needle to a cooking range. She makes a specialty of the necessities of life and the residents along her route contribute liberally to making purchases through her commission.

Last winter when the thermometer registered 22 degrees below zero she was prompt in all of her appointments along the route. That day she wore a heavy coat and felt boots reaching to the knee. Her hands were covered with a pair of elbow gloves while she drove through the distance, none the worse for the cold. Her work, although arduous, is enjoyable to her and very remunerative as well. She has made as high as \$5.35 in a single day from sources extra from her stipulated contract with the government.

Not only is Miss Webb a success in commercial circles, but she is well liked in social circles as well. Her home is an ever-welcome place for those who desire to visit it. She is a handsome young woman and took the contract when she was just 18 years of age. She is an entertaining conversationalist, has a pretty round face and under two dark eyebrows are set two hazel eyes "that know their keepers."



To play whist successfully the attention must be closely centered on the game. The majority of hands are opened with a fourth best card from a long suit to show partner the possession of exactly three higher cards and to enable him to determine from the drop how many cards in all are held and what they are. It is much easier to learn how to read partner's hand than is ordinarily supposed.

There are two main systems of scientific whist play, known as the long suit and short suit systems, according to whether, in the majority of instances, the original leaders adopting the respective systems, open from a long suit or short suit, but it must be understood that the long-suit system sometimes opens from a short suit originally, and the short-suit system sometimes opens from a long suit originally. The main characteristic of the scientific long-suit school is the opening of a long suit in the hope that, when the trumps are exhausted, and the partner, the long suit may be established and that extra tricks may be taken by the "long," or remaining small cards of the long suit. On the other hand, the main characteristic of the scientific short-suit school is the opening of a nine, ten, jack or queen, usually from the top of a short suit, with the intent that partner shall finesse deeply in the suit lead and not return it, and by this mode of play develop tenaces in each other's suits.

With hands of more than ordinary strength the short-suit plays the long-suit game, and partner at once responds with trumps, but ordinarily the "strengtheners"—aces, tens, jacks and queens—are led originally. It is an error to suppose that scientific short-suiters lead short suit to get an early ruff. The short-suiters' effort is to give an extra trick-taking value to high cards in all the plain suits of each player.

A New Andorra.

Arcadia exists. It is perched high among the Swiss Alps. Its name is Abland Schuen, which, being interpreted, signifies an out-of-the-way locality. Its people have no standing army, and therefore never go to war. They have no fleet, being hundreds of miles from the sea in every direction. They have no political bosses or wire-pullers, and consequently such elections as they have are pure. They have no doctors and, as a rule, die only of old age. There is no news and no need of a newspaper, the post comes only once a week, there are no trades, and there is little industry. There are no shops. Once a week a cheap Jack brings them all the goods they want, and their herds, flocks, and poultry yards supply them with the rest. Having little money, they require no bank, but they have a church, with a bell, which besides its Sabbath summons, rings for births and funerals and festivals. Few tourists visit the place, for its Arcadian simplicities would vanish in a season.

How It Happened.

"I can't understand how such a hideous thing as the doctrine of total depravity ever came to be promulgated."

"Well, man was bound to reach some conclusions in the effort to account for his neighbors."

The man who boots a dog and the woman who shoes a hen are not always cobblers.

We never like a story wherein one of the characters says "By Jove!"

ATTRACTIVE COUNTRY HOUSE.

Its Architecture Is Appropriate to Almost Any Section.

America is more cosmopolitan than any other nation; it has little homogeneity in its tastes, and owing to its great size, varying climate and its very unequal distribution of population, it can show little unity in the conditions that affect architecture. This is the reason why we have no national style of architecture at present. We are eclectic in our tastes. We take a little from one country and a little from another.

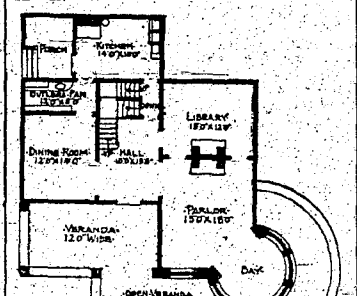
Cities are rebuilt and change their appearance almost as often as a snake changes its skin. In the country and the town changes are far less frequent. Houses are built with the intention that



PERSPECTIVE.

they shall endure for more than a decade, and money is seldom available for useless and silly ornamentation. For this reason country houses are better, in the main, than those of the city. The decade that followed the civil war, a period fatal to architectural art in America, left its mark over the whole length and breadth of the land, and it dotted the countryside with Queen Anne villas, and other like monstrosities. But put this period aside, and country houses erected before and since are dignified, simple, comfortable and home-like. What more could be asked than this? The desire for something a little more elaborate than the square house of our forefathers no longer finds its outlet in a demand for buildings that are merely ornate. The intending builder is content to avail himself of the taste and experience of the professional architect, and never before have architects been so thoroughly trained and educated.

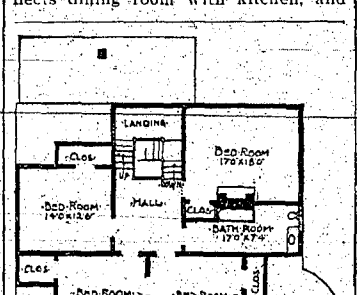
Accompanying this article will be found the plans for an attractive villa house for the country. It claims no dis-



FIRST FLOOR.

ting style of architecture, but its composition is agreeable in effect, and appropriate to almost any part of the country and climate. General dimensions: Width through parlor and dining room, 39 feet; depth, including front veranda to steps, 51 feet. Height of stories: Cellar, 7 feet; first story, 9 feet 6 inches; second story, 9 feet; attic, 8 feet. Exterior materials: Foundation, tower walls, veranda, enclosure and posts, stone; all side walls, gables, roof, etc., shingles. Interior finish: Hard, white plaster. Plaster cornices and centers in parlor, library, dining room, main hall and bath room; balance of floors, white pine. Trim, in first story, yellow pine; balance of trim, white wood. Kitchen and bath room, wainscoted. Open fireplace and mantels in parlor, library and one bedroom. Colors: First story, moss-green; gables, sienna; stonework, gray. Roof shingles left natural for weather stain. Trim and sashes, very dark green; veranda ceiling, oiled; floor, brown. Accommodations: The principal rooms and their sizes—Closets, etc., are shown by the floor plans. Cellar, under whole house, with inside and outside entrance, and concrete floor. Two rooms finished in attic. Butler's pantry connects dining room with kitchen, and

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SECOND FLOOR.

contains sink and dresser. Two sets of stairs, sink and boiler in kitchen. Bath room in second story contains full plumbing. Two special features in this house are the large extra closets in second story, and the tower windows in parlor, which, filled with plants, would make an attractive conservatory. The cost of this house would be \$4,700, complete. The estimate is based on New York prices for materials and labor. In many sections of the country the cost would be less.

He Told the Truth.

"Liquor," said the temperance orator, "causes nearly all the unhappiness there is in this world."

"That's right, Colonel!" exclaimed a Kentuckian in the back of the hall. "I'm always unhappy when I can't get it."

Then He Bought the Ring.

Fred—Suppose I should ask you to be my wife, what would you say?

Anna—Guess.

Fred—Oh, I haven't the least idea. What would it be—er—er rhyme with?

Anna—Guess.



JOLLY JOKER.

She—Mr. Beacon talks like a book. He—Yes, like an autobiography.—Puck.

Cholly—Are you positive she is not in? The maid—I am; I'd lose my job if I wasn't.—Puck.

"I sometimes think I was born too soon." "Oh, pshaw! Haven't you tried to see the chaffless wheel?—Puck.

He—Yes, I loved a girl once, and she made a fool of me. She—Some girls do make a lasting impression, don't they?—Judge.

She—Don't you think there should be music in every home? He—By all means. What I object to is music next door.—Tie-Bits.

"Lend me a dollar, old man." "Can't; only have a half." "That's all right; you can owe me the other half."—Puck.

Bertha—Miss Spitefuls says she has remained single from choice. Belle—Yes; but she didn't say whose choice.—Yonkers Statesman.

She—Your friend Owen seems to have run into debt pretty deep. He—Run into debt? He scorched.—Pearson's Athletic Record.

"Yes, sir, I want to marry your niece." "Have you asked her mother?" "No, sir, I prefer the younger lady."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He—I love you with all my heart. She—That's very nice, but—but— He—But what, darling? She—What about your arms?—Chicago News.

The artist (complacently)—This picture with the frame is worth \$3.50. His friend—Come, old man! you never gave \$300 for that frame?—Truth.

Jenkins—I wonder how it happens that Miss Kidd is always out when I call? Jones—Oh! just her luck, I guess.—Browning, King & Co.'s Monthly.

Young Softiegh—Do you know, Miss Cutting, that I actually believe I am losing my mind? Miss Cutting—Indeed! Why, how can you tell?—Chicago News.

"How did Flimgilt get rich?" "By his shrewd speculation." "And how did Fucal happen to lose his property?" "Oh, he went and dabbled in stocks."—Washington Star.

He—Give me a kiss. She (decidedly)—I won't. He—You shouldn't say "I won't" to me; you should have said, "I prefer not." She—But that wouldn't be true.—Harlem Life.

"One of the leading Czechs rejoices in the name of Czawreck." "Say, I recognize that. It's the machine the dentist boxes out the cavity with."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Tommy—Paw, what is an extraordinary session of the Legislature? Mr. Figg—One in which no foot bills were passed would be very much that kind.—Indianapolis Journal.

"How would you define a patriot?" "I should say a patriot is a man who takes an interest in his country's welfare, even the morning after his party has been snored under."—Puck.

He—When I was young I decided to make one woman happy. She—Well, as you have remained a bachelor you may certainly flatter yourself that you have done so.—London Home News.

Edith—Do you think it wrong to say "darn"? Bertha—Perhaps not; but when one is vexed, instead of saying "darn," I think it more ladylike simply to knit one's brow.—Boston Transcript.

He—I notice that the scientists have some hope of being able to communicate with the moon. She—Good gracious me! I hope the man in the moon is no rattle-tale.—Indianapolis Journal.

"You're late, young man. What's the reason?" "Had a toothache." "Ah! has the tooth-stopped aching?" "Dunno." "What? Don't know? Why don't you know?" "Cause it's pulled."—Life.

Impassioned orator—A man should never forget the duty he owes his country! Auditor (sotto voce)—We won't—at least, not while there are customs inspectors left.—New York Journal.

"What is your first step in writing a play?" asked the reporter. "I look around," replied the great playwright, "and find a good carpenter to collaborate with me."—Philadelphia North American.

Smith—After trying for ten long years, I have at last succeeded in convincing my wife that I am perfect. Brown—Are you sure of it? Smith—Of course I am. It was only this morning that she said I was a perfect idiot.—Chicago News.

"You will marry a tall, dark gentleman," said the fortune teller, examining the lines in the fair hand. "That doesn't help me any," despairingly replied the lovely blonde who had called to consult her. "All six of them are tall, dark gentlemen!"—Chicago Tribune.

"It has been asserted that kissing cures dyspepsia," remarked Mr. Gaswell. "That should be valuable knowledge for a newly married man," replied Mr. Dykane. "Why?" "With his wife's kisses he can counteract the effect of her cooking."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Impatient customer—I thought you advertised quick lunches. I've been waiting for mine for nearly half an hour. Waiter—It'd take a little time to get 'em up, boss, but I'll go quick enough after you gets it. 'Dey ain't de kind dat last long.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"I had an adventure the other evening," said Miss Autumn to a neighbor on whom she was calling. "It was quite dark, and I saw a strange man just ahead of me, and I ran until I was nearly exhausted." "And did the man get away from you?" asked little Willie, who was listening.—Chicago News.

More Deer than Sheep in Maine. Twenty-five years ago there were very few deer in Maine, especially in Franklin and Oxford Counties. They were there unknown. In fact, I never saw a deer track in the State till about 1880. Since that time they have increased very fast. I have no fear of deer in the future. They are to-day in every county of the State. Indeed, I may safely say, I am sure that there are more deer than sheep in the State to-day. And that this is so is due, in my opinion, to protection afforded them.—Boston Herald.

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THEIR MEANING.

To live in shade, yet trust the sun,
To bravely creep while others run,
To suffer pain and still believe
That just enough one will receive;
To feel no envy when the best
Of precious gifts are given the rest,
Persuaded that each lot must be
The best for each eternally—
Is truest faith.

To hear with wrong and wait for right,
Believing that the darkest night
Means only growth for timorous seeds,
To see some good in rank weeds,
To feel the love that watches o'er
Those left behind, those gone before,
To be bereft, yet know no loss,
And thus the highest faith indorse—
Is true content.

MISS JEMIMA'S VALENTINE.

BY RUTH MCNERNY STUART.

Two crimson spots appeared upon Miss Jemima's pale face when she heard the gatelatch click. She knew that her brother was bringing in the mail, and, as he entered the room, she bent lower over her work, her crocheted-needle flew faster and she coughed a slight cough. But she did not look up.

She knew, without looking, that her brother brought in a pile of valentines in his hand, and that when presently he should have finished distributing them to his eager sons and daughters, her nephews and nieces, he would come and bring one to her—or else? He would not do this last. It was this dread that brought the crimson spots to her cheeks.

If there was one for her he would presently come, and, leaning over her shoulder, he would say as he dropped upon her lap the larger, handsomer one than all the others: "This looks mighty suspicious, Sis 'Mimie,' or 'We'll have to find out about this,' or 'Maybe, as he presented it, he would covertly shield her by addressing himself to the younger crowd after this fashion:

"El! I had a lot o' boys and girls, an' couldn't get bigger valentine from all my sweethearts, but I'm sure you'll be glad to get this at home an' git, why, I'd quit tryin'—that's what I would."

There was always a tenderness in the brother's manner when he handed his sister her valentine. He had brought her one each year for seven years, now, and after the first time, when he had seen the look of pain and confusion that had followed his playful teasing as he had presented it, he had never more than relieved the moment by a passing jest.

The regular coming of "Aunt Jemima's valentine" was a mystery in the household.

It had been thirteen years since she had quarreled with El! Taylor, her lover, and they parted in anger, never to meet again. Since then he had stayed at home and quietly grown old. Fourteen years ago she had been in the flush of this, her only romance, and St. Valentine's day had brought a great, thick envelope, in which lay, fragrant with perfume, a gorgeous valentine. Upon this was painted, after the old Dresden china pattern, a beautiful lady, with slender waist and corset-eyes, standing beside a tall cavalier, who doffed his hat to her as he presented the card that bore her name, so finely and beautifully written that only very young eyes could read it unaided.

By lifting this card, one might read the printed rhyme beneath the rhyme so tender and loving that it needed only the inscription of a name on the flap above it to make it all sufficient in personal application to even the most fastidious.

This gorgeous affair was so artfully constructed that by drawing its pictured front forward it could be made to stand alone, when there appeared a fountain in the background, and a brilliant peacock with arched tail, a great rose on a tiny bush and a crescent moon. The oldest children had been very small when this resplendent confection had come into their home. Some of them had not been born, but they had all grown up in the knowledge of it.

There had been times in the tender memories of all of them when "Aunt Mimie" had looked at the card, and because they had been very good, let them take a little peep at her beautiful valentine, which she kept carefully locked away in her bureau drawer.

They had on occasions been allowed to wash their hands and hold it—just a minute.

It had always been a thing to wonder over, and once—but this was the year it came—when her sky seemed as rosy as the ribbon about her waist—Miss Jemima had stood it up on the whatnot in the parlor when the church sociable met at her brother's house, and everybody in town had seen it, while for her it made the whole corner of the room beautiful.

But the quarrel had soon followed—a foolish lovers' quarrel—El! had gone away in anger—and that had been the end.

Disputes over trifles are the hardest to mend, each party finding it so difficult to forgive the other for being angry for so slight a cause.

And so the years had passed.

For ten long years the beautiful valentine had lain carefully put away. For five years Jemima had looked at it with tearful eyes and a hardened heart. And then came the memorable first anniversary when the children of the household began to celebrate the day, and tiny comic pictured pages began flitting in from their school sweethearts. The realization of the new era was a shock to Miss Jemima. In the youthful merriment of those budding romances she seemed to see a sort of reflection of her own long-ago joy, and in the faint glow of it she felt impelled to go to her own room and to lock the door and look at the old valentine.

With a new, strange tremor about her heart and an unsteady hand she took it out, and when in the light of awakened emotion she saw once more the very body of her lost love, and for the first time in all the years the fountains of her sorrow were broken up, and she sobbed her heart out over the old valentine.

If Miss Jemima had not found joy, she had at least found her heart again and sorrow. Her life had been for so long a weary, restless thing that in the dark depth of the valley of sorrow she realized, as something only from sorrow—a deep, poor, mortal, know it, the possible height of bliss.

For the first time since the separation, she clasped the valentine to her bosom and called her lover's name over and over again, sobbing it, without hope, as one in death agony. But such emotion is not of death. Is it not the rebirth of feeling? So it was with Miss Jemima, and the heart stillness that had been her safety during all these years would never be hers again. There would never again be a time when her precious possession would not have a sweet meaning to her—when it would be a tangible embodiment of the holiest thing her life had known.

From this time forward, as an offset to the budding romances about her, Miss Jemima would repair for refuge and a meager comfort to that which, within its discolored and fading face, it denied none of life's younger romance, still gave her back her own.

The woman of forty never realized her years in the presence of her contemporaries. Forty women of forty might easily feel young enough to scoff at the bald head, and deserve to be eaten by bears—but thirty-nine with a budding maid for fortieth scoff? Never!

Miss Jemima, in her suddenly realized, young-love setting, had become, to her own consciousness, old and of date gone by. "Aunt Jemima" was naturally regarded by her blooming nephews and nieces, as well as by their intimates who wore their incipient mustaches still within their conscious tips or dimples dancing in their ruddy cheeks, quite in the same category as Mrs. Gibbs, who was sixty, or any of their aunts and grandmothers who sat serenely in daguerrotypes along the parlor mantel.

But there is apt to come a time in the life of the live single woman of forty—she be alive enough—when in the face of even negative and affectionate disparagement she is moved to declare herself.

Perhaps there be some who would say that this declaration savors of earth. Even so, the earth is the Lord's. It is one thing to be a flower pasted in a book, and quite another to be the bud a maiden wears—one thing to be To-day and another to be Yesterday. One thing, indeed, it was to own a yellow, time-stained, valentine, and quite a different one to be of the dimpled throng who crowded the Simpkinsville postoffice, on Valentine's day.

"I reckon then young ones would think it was perfectly re-dic'ous if I was to git a valentine at my time of life," Miss Jemima said, aloud, to her looking glass one morning. It was the day before St. Valentine's of the year following her day of tears.

"But I'll show 'em!" she added, with some resolution, as she turned to her bureau drawer.

And she did show them. On the next day a great envelope addressed to Miss Jemima Martha Sprague came in with the package of lesser favors, and Miss Jemima suddenly found herself the absorbing center of a new interest, an interest that after having revolved about her while she flew off in suspicion toward every superannuated bachelor or widower within a radius of thirty miles of Simpkinsville.

It had been a great moment for Miss Jemima when the valentine came in, and, smiling one when with genuine old-time blazes, she refused to open it for the crowd.

How she felt an hour later, when, in the secrecy of her own chamber, she took from its new envelope her own old self-sent valentine, only he who has tender knowledge of maidenly reserves and sorrows will ever know.

There was something in her face that forbade cruel pursuit of the subject when she returned to the family circle, and so, after a little playful bantering, the subject was dropped.

But the incident had fitted her from one condition into quite another in the family regard, and Miss Jemima found herself unconsciously living up to younger standards.

But this was ten years ago, and the mysterious valentine had become a yearly fact.

There had never been any explanations. When pressed to the wall, Miss Jemima had, indeed, been constrained to confess that "certainly every valentine that she had ever gotten had been sent her by a man" (how sweet and sad this truth!)

"And are all the new ones as pretty as your lovely old one, Aunt Mimie?" To this last query she had carefully replied:

"I ain' never get one, that ain't every bit an grain ez purty ez the one I got."

"An' why don't you show 'em to us, then?"

Such outbursts were indeed hard to comprehend.

As the years passed, if her brother began to suspect, he made no signs of it save in an added tenderness. And, of course, he could not know.

On the anniversary upon which this little record of her life had opened, the situation was somewhat exceptional.

The valentine had hitherto always been mailed in Simpkinsville—her own town. This postmark had been noted and commented upon, and yet it had seemed impossible to have it otherwise.

But this year, in spite of many complications and difficulties, she had resolved that the envelope should tell a new story.

The farthest point from which, within her possible acquaintance, it would naturally hail was the railroad town of—let us call it Hope.

In the extreme difficulty in the case lay the fact that the postoffice here was kept by her old lover, El! Taylor.

Here, for ten years, he had lived his reticent bachelor days, selling plows and cotton seed and cotton prints, and patent medicine, and keeping postoffice in a small corner of his store.

Everybody knows how a spot, gazed at intently for a long time, changes color from red to green and then to white.

As Miss Jemima pondered upon the thought of sending herself a valentine through her old lover's hands, the color of the scheme began to change from impossible green to rosy red.

By the only possible plan by which she could manage secretly to have the valentine mailed in Hope—a plan over which she had lost sleep, and in which she had been finally aided by an illiterate colored servant going there, to return next day—it must reach her on the day before Valentine's.

This day had come and gone, and her valentine had not returned to her. Had the negro failed to mail it? Had it remained all night in the postoffice—in possession of her lover? Would she ever see it again? Would her brother ever, ever, ever get through with the children and finish giving out their valentines?

Miss Jemima had not long to wait, and yet it seemed an age, before the distribution was over, and she felt rather than saw her brother moving in her direction.

"Bigger an' purtier one 'n ever for Aunt Mimie this time—looks to me like," he said, as at last he laid the great envelope upon her trembling knee.

"Don't reckon it's anything extraordinary," she answered, not at all knowing what she said, as she continued her work, leaving the valentine where he had dropped it, not touching it, indeed, until she presently wound up her yarn in answer to the supper bell.

Then she took it, with her work-basket, into her own room, and dropping it into her upper bureau drawer, turned the key.

The moment when she broke the new envelope each year—late at night, alone in her locked chamber—had always been a sad one to Miss Jemima, and to-night it was even a sadder ordeal than ever. She had never before known how she cared for this old-love-taken.

As she sat to-night looking at the outside of the envelope, turning it over and over in her thin hands, great hot tears fell upon it and ran down upon her fingers, but she did not heed them. It was, indeed, a meager little embodiment of the romance of a life, but such it was, she would not part with it. She would never send it out from her again—never, never.

It was even dearer now than ever before, after this recent passage through her lover's hands. At this thought she raised it lovingly and laid it against her cheek. Could he have handed it, and passed it on without a thought of her? Impossible. And since he had thought of her what must have been the nature of his thoughts? Was he jealous—jealous because somebody else was sending his old sweetheart a valentine?

This year's envelope, selected with great pains and trouble from a sample catalogue and ordered from a distant city, was a fine affair profusely decorated with love symbols.

For a long time Miss Jemima sat enjoying the luxury of nearness to her lover, that the unopened envelope had brought her before she felt inclined to confront the far-away romance typified by the yellow sheet within. And yet she wanted to see even this again—to realize its recovery.

And so, with thoughts both eager and fearful, she finally inserted a hair-pin carefully in the envelope, ripping it open delicately on two sides, so that it might come out without injury to its frail, perforated edges. Then, carefully holding its sides apart, she shook it.

And now—Something happened. One of God's best traits is that He doesn't tell all He knows—and sees.

How Miss Jemima felt, or acted, whether she screamed or fainted, no one will ever know, when, instead of the familiar pictured thing, there fell into her lap a beautiful, brand-new valentine.

It was certainly a long time before she recovered herself enough to take the strange thing into her hands, and when she did so, it was with fingers that trembled so violently that a bit of paper that came within the valentine fluttered and fell beyond her reach. There it lay for fully several minutes before she had strength to move from her seat—to recover it.

There was writing on the fluttering fragment, but what it was and why Miss Jemima went over it and read it again, and again, are other trifling things that perhaps God does well not to tell.

The details of other people's romances are not always interesting to outsiders. However, in this particular case, it may be interesting to know that the old woman who took charge of the old lover's room, and who had been investigating with her, produced seven or eight torn scraps of paper collected at this period from his scrap basket, on each one of which was written, in slightly varying terms, bits of rough sketches like the following:

"Sending you this new valentine just as hearty as I sent the old one eighteen years—"

"You shall never want for a fresh one again every year long as I live, unless you take—"

"If you want the old one back again and me along with it."

The newest models of cape and cloaks seen in Paris have the fronts curving from the throat to the back, instead of falling straight, and making a right angle with the lower edge. The curve is not accentuated to the degree where the back would be much longer than the sides. The style is pretty, and will be much in evidence for early spring.

Straps of braid terminate on many costumes with the addition of tiny buckles or fancy buttons, and tailor vests, fastened with the latter trimming. The necessary button is small, but the one for ornament only is rather large. In these, as in gimps and buckles, cut steel jet, and jewelled designs outnumber all others.

Light, tissue materials in medium qualities will be in demand another season. Chiffons, gauzes, nets, Liberty silks and monelines in endless variety of coloring will soon be seen in the stores, and for evening wear will prove both satisfactory and stylish.

Black net, the simpler laces and all the black gauzes and tulle are worn by debutantes, but sequins or frills of plaited mousseline are considered in better taste for trimming than the jet and steel embroidery employed in the trimming of these gowns for older persons.

One of the lowest things that even a very depraved and unprincipled person ever did is to collect torn scraps from anybody's waste basket and to read them. To print them or otherwise make them public is a thing really too contemptible to contemplate in ordinary circumstances. But this case, if

intelligently considered, seems somewhat exceptional, and perhaps it is well to do so, for, be it borne in mind, all these scraps, without exception, and a few others too sacred to produce even here, are the things that El! Taylor, postmaster, did not send to his old sweetheart, Jemima Martha Sprague.

Miss Jemima always burned her scraps, and so even were it well to condescend to seeking something negative testimony from her concerning her laboriously-written reply, it would have been quite impossible. Certain it is, however, that she posted a note on the following day, and that a good many interesting things happened in quick succession after this. And then?

There was a little, quiet, middle-aged wedding in the church on Easter Sunday. It was the old lover's idea to have it then, as he said, their happiness was a resurrection from the dead, and belonged to the Easter season, and there was no one to object.

Miss Jemima showed her new valentine to the family before the wedding came off, but in spite of all their coaxing and begging, she observed a rigid reticence in regard to all those that had come between that and the old lady, and so seeing the last post arriving in evidence, and rejoicing in her happiness, they would only smile and whisper that they supposed he and she had been "quar'lin' it out on them valentines."

The old man, El!, in spite of his indomitable pride, had come out of his long silence with all due modesty, blaming himself for many things.

"I ain't fitten for you, Jemima, honey, no mo'n I was eighteen years ago," he said, his arm timidly locking her chair the night before the wedding, "but of you keered enough about me to warm over the little valentine I sent you eighteen years ago, and to make me out to live on it, I reckon I can keep you supplied with just ez good ez the first fresh every day an' hour. But befo' I take you into church I want to call yo' attention to the fact that I'm a criminal lib'le to the State's prison for openin' yo' mail—an' if you say so why, I'll haf to go."

"Well, El!", Miss Jemima answered quite seriously, "ef you're lib'le to the State's prison for what you have done, I don't know but I am worthy to go, I a better place for the deceit I've practiced."

"Well, El!", "I reckon of the truth was told, the place where we jest natchelly both long is the insane asylum—for the ejorts we've acted. When I reflect that I might 'a been ez happy I am now eighteen years ago, an' think about all the time we've lost—Well—How comes it that that Easter comes so late this year, anyhow?"

THE INDIAN NATION.

Schoolhouses, Courts and Other Evidence of Civilization.

"People of the East have a mistaken impression regarding the Indian nation," said Senator J. M. La Hoya of Claremore, who is a member of the Cherokee delegation, at the National.

In the Cherokee nation alone there are 125 primary schools kept up by our government. In addition to these there is an orphan asylum, with 230 inmates, high schools, female and male seminaries, asylums for the insane and blind and one freedmen's high school. The interest on the \$5,000,000 United States bonds held by our nation, pays the expenses of our government, and our people have no taxes to pay.

"Every person who is interested in the Indian nation turned into states is interested in land issues. There is a selfish motive in the whole scheme. Our climate is something like the climate of Washington. The wheat harvest comes about June 1, and often we plant corn in March. As to railroads, we have the Missouri, Kansas and Texas, the St. Louis and San Francisco, and the K. and A. V., a branch of the Iron Mountain, on the east side. On the west side are the Santa Fe and the Rock Island, and then there is the Choctaw, Omaha and Southern running east and west through the territory.

"Our capital, Tahlequah, has about 2,000 inhabitants. Instead of a governor and lieutenant governor, we have a first and second chief. We have a treasurer, secretary and auditor, and a senate and house to formulate legislation. Every citizen has his courts. We have district, circuit, and supreme courts. Indians have always been on the bench. If any question comes up that pertains to the interest of all the nations, an international council is held. Delegations from each tribe meet for consultation. They compose what might be called a ways and means committee.

"A great many think our nation occupies the same relation toward the United States as the northwest Indian reservations. This is not so. We have a patent fee simple. The land belongs to us; it is ours. Many think we live on a great reservation, consequently the government should take charge of it. They think the Indians grow up in ignorance. We have as good school facilities as the United States. We spend more per capita for schools than any state in the Union.

"Another great hobby made use of through the press, and a good many of our enemies say the same, is that we have invited 300,000 people into the nation. We deny this, and maintain that they are there for the purpose of bettering their condition. Our land can't be sold to outsiders. Any one can make improvements in the domain, and can use the land. Improvements can be sold. People from the outside can rent land, but they have no votes there. No political rights."—Washington Star.

Out of the Jaws of Death.

While feeding his stock one day last Jack Dodge, an old hunter of Lonesboro, Penn., had his attention attracted by the strange actions of a squirrel on the ground. He approached the animal and discovered a large rattlesnake in front of the squirrel. The squirrel got nearer and nearer to the snake until the snake opened its mouth and seized the little animal.

After the snake had partially swallowed his prey Dodge tried to kill the snake with a pole, when the reptile threw the squirrel from his mouth and sprang at the man, but a second stroke of the pole killed the snake. It was six feet long.

FLOATING HOTELS.

THAT IS WHAT THE OCEAN STEAMSHIPS ARE NOWADAYS.

A Big Fortune Is Expended on Every Trip Across the Atlantic—Enormous Bills for Establishments and Drunkables.

How many men in the ordinary walks of life have any idea as to what is the cost of operating a modern ocean steamer?

"Give me the luxuries of life and I will dispense with the necessities," said James Russell Lowell. We now find that the luxuries are reckoned as being the necessities on board modern ocean liners, and the designation "floating hotels" is up-to-date in its significance. Modern voyagers find at their convenience a promenade twice 500 feet long, provided with comfortable extension chairs and sheltered from sun and rain by the awning deck, making an ideal place for rest or exercise. There is, on the same deck, the smoking-room and a party expressly for the service of those who prefer to lunch or dine in the open air rather than in the saloon. Artistic decorations, soft, rich effects produced by the most beautiful woods and costliest upholstery obtainable suits of rooms, with ample wardrobes and closets, ingenious and hygienic toilet arrangements, electric lights and bells in profusion, all these combine to make the traveler as comfortable as sea as on shore.

Dinner over, and after an exhilarating stroll on the promenade deck, passing with but a single step into a luxurious drawing room, glowing with color, replete with artistic rugs and carpets, charmed by the music from a magnificent organ, the traveler naturally reflects on the enormous energy and ingenuity and boundless capital which have made possible all this luxury.

Consider the provisioning of a ship for one continuous voyage. It takes quite a little activity in the barn yard to lay the one thousand dozen eggs necessary, and when we consider two tons of butter and half a ton of lard and condensed milk enough, if expanded again, to float the ship, and thirty thousand pounds of vegetables and fruit in their natural state, and several tons in cans, we find that our friend the farmer must needs look after us, no matter in what part of the world we move. Thousands of pounds of coffee, tea, chocolate, and cocoa are also provided, to remind us of home. Then, every well-provisioned liner carries from 20 to 30 thousand pounds of fresh and a proportionate quantity of smoked and salted meat.

The writer questioned one of the most prominent officers of a large and well-known liner recently about the quantity of potatoes consumed on board ship. After a moment of deep thinking, he said:

"Last month in one voyage of one ship they served over 10,000 glasses of beer." He added that the drink bill for the first and second cabins alone on that ship for the voyage amounted to more than \$14,000.

"Every year," said he, "our patrons consume in the neighborhood of 50,000 bottles of beer, 20,000 bottle of mineral waters, 3,000 bottles of spirits, and 5,000 bottles of wine."

The agent of another line was found wrapped in melancholy contemplation of a slip of blue paper. In answer to a question by the writer, he said:

"Want to know what lines cost do you? Say, young man, wait till I cool off. Look at that paper while you're waiting. Just ticks, 1,000 plates, 250 cups, 480 saucers, 1,273 tumblers, 200 wine glasses, 27 decanters, and 63 water bottles smashed in one week! Oh! it's a daisy!"

Another great expense in running a liner is that connected with the great boilers and engine. In the average boiler of an ocean liner the tubes are so numerous that if placed end to end they would stretch away over a space of ten miles, whereas, if the condenser tubes were similarly treated they would make a line twenty-five miles long. Twenty men are required simply to open and shut valves and twist levers. The operation of the machinery entails the employment of upward of 150 firemen, stokers, and greasers.

One large ship consumes more than 300 tons of coal per day, or about 2,000 tons on the trip from Southampton to New York. Now, when we figure that the coal in the bunkers costs about \$2.75 cents per ton, we see that the coal item alone amounts to \$5,500 or \$6,000.

Then there is the salary account. How small after all is the remuneration of those who have stood between us and danger on many a dark and stormy night! What, are the slight discomforts of cabin or staterooms when compared to the labors of those who stand at their posts in the engine room, in the gloomy stockhold or on the storm-washed decks?

A fair salary for the commander of an ocean greyhound is from \$3,000 to \$5,000 per annum; the first officer receives, as a rule, from \$125 to 150 per month. The engineer gets as a yearly salary about \$2,000. The monthly stipend of stokers and greasers is about \$20, and that of common sailors about \$14.

All these observations go to show that a modern liner is an expensive institution. According to a prominent steamship man, the cost of fitting out a steamer and sending her across the ocean and back varies from \$50,000 to \$100,000—Commercial Advertiser.

The Only Indian Nurse.

The only graduate of the Indian school at Carlisle, Penn., and of a training school for nurses is Miss Katie Grincroed, of Philadelphia. She was the first to enter the field, and her success for the past three years has been remarkable. Miss Grincroed was born in the northeastern corner of the Indian Territory. Her father was an Englishman, and her mother a member of the Wyandot tribe. They both died, however, while she was an infant, and she made her home with her mother's people until 1885, when, having obtained an excellent preliminary education, she entered Carlisle and graduated four years later in the first regularly graded class to leave that institution.

A palm over a hundred years old and costing several thousand dollars has been added to Miss Helen Gould's collection of plants at Irvington-on-the-Hudson.

Just to show what they could do, some rats once ate fifty feet of lead pipe under a bath room and over the kitchen of a big hotel in this city. The floor of the bath room was marble and under it was a fireproof floor made of iron beams and hollow tiles. The pipes were laid in the space between the floor and the girders. Rats were attracted thereto by the odors from the kitchen. They met the lead pipes. When their appetites were satisfied the space was filled with lead dust.

Rats like to eat drain pipes from kitchen-sinks, because they are lined with grease. The only way to keep them away is to pack the pipes with mineral wool. Mineral wool is a substance made of furnace slag through which a jet of air has been forced while it cooled. The mineral wool gets into the eyes of the rats and drives them away. Modern plumbers discourage rats by laying iron instead of lead pipes.

Rats, strange to say, are great breeders of sewer gas. They gather up bones and scraps of meat about the kitchen yard and carry them up into the rafters between floors and ceilings. The presence of this plunder is sooner or later discovered by the odor, and the plumber is sent for to discover whence the sewer gas comes. It is not always well to tell the householders the truth.

Thus it is the humble brown house rat helps his friend, the plumber, earn an honest livelihood, and the plumber thanks him in his own gentle way—Kansas City Star.

Treatment for a Red Nose.

Nothing is a greater blemish to the face of a woman than a red nose. This irritating condition may arise from various causes, one of the chief being indigestion. A habit of bolting the food is very often the cause of the indigestion which shows itself thus. Sufferers from red noses arising from indigestion should be most careful in their diet, avoiding heating foods and hot drinks. The food should be taken slowly and each mouthful be well masticated. Sometimes a red nose is due to the dryness of the nasal duct or delicacy of the capillary organs. The inflammation may then be treated as follows: Prepare a wash containing 1/4 grains of powdered borax, one teaspoonful of eau de Cologne and five ounces of soft water. First, dissolve the borax in the water and then add the eau de Cologne. When the nose burns damp it with this lotion and let it dry on. If, when dry, it still burns repeat the treatment. Another mixture for the same trouble may be made as follows:

Dissolve thirty grains of borax in one ounce of rose water and orange water in equal parts. Wet the nose with this lotion about three times a day, letting it dry on.

When the redness of the nose arises from a kind of congestion it should be washed in warm water only on going to bed.

A cold in the head will often produce a red and inflamed condition of the nose. A little cold cream should then be applied to the sore parts. The following is an easily prepared and safe recipe for cold cream: Get half a pound of the very best lard, put it in a basin, pour on it boiling-water, and when cold drain it off. Repeat this process three times; then, after quite freeing the lard from the water, beat it to a cream with a fork and scent it with essence of bergamot.

The nostrils should never be touched with the fingers. To wash them, a little hot water should be snuffed up and then ejected.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Wasps Assist in a Tragedy.

"One of the most comical experiences in the history of the stage," said a local manager the other day, "befell the Tom Keene Company not long ago in a Northern New York town. The company was playing Julius Caesar, and at the last moment it was found that the property man had failed to send up the regular throne chair used in the Senate scene, and the old rustic chair was hastily procured from the loft of the theatre, and after being covered with drapery was pressed into service. In the midst of the scene a large wasp nest was discovered attached to the chair and its inhabitants, becoming indignant at the disturbance they had suffered, began to swarm about the stage seeking revenge upon the Romans in their low-necked and short-sleeved dresses. The wasps seemed to be particularly offended with Caesar, and it is doubtful if Caesar's death scene was ever acted with more feeling, for at the moment he was being pierced by the conspirators' daggers, the wasps were most indignant in their work."

"In the tent scene, where Caesar appears to Brutus, one might almost have doubted its being the true Caesar. It was the same in form and dress, but the face was no longer the same. In the last act Brutus had one eye closed, Antony a swollen lip, Cassius an enlarged chin, Lucius an inequality in the size of the hands, and Octavius Caesar a nose that would have done service as the famous nose of Barfolt in 'Henry IV.'"

The tragedy came very near becoming a roaring comedy, when Mr. Keene, as Cassius, said, 'Antony, the posture of your words is yet unknown, but for your words, they